

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,182 Vol. 122.

21 October 1916.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	377	VERSE:		CORRESPONDENCE—continued.	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Trench Flowers. By Windsor Fry, B.E.F.	388	The Church in Wales	391
Our Mastery in the Air	380			"Royalist"	391
Combining the Identical	381	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Word "Manicure"	391
Patriotism and the Cost of Food	382	Italy as a World Power (Eduardo P. Ginistrelli)	388	Total Abstinence and Faddism	391
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 116). By Vicille Moustache	383	Major W. Redmond on the Irish Division (Major-Gen. Sir Alfred E. Turner)	389	Instinct or Intellect	392
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		A Henry James Memorial in Chelsea	390	REVIEWS:	
With the British Army at the Front.—III. By George A. B. Dewar	384	Pepys and His Imitator	390	A Great Imperialist	393
The Case Against German Music.— I. By Joseph Holbrooke	386	Oysters	390	Mr. Hardy's Muse	394
Life in Shetland. By Edmund Selous	387	The English Church	390	Recent Fiction	395
		Repentance	390	Latest Books	396
		The Portrait of Christ	391	FINANCE:	
				Insurance	396

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The German menace against Roumania—which the enemy condemns as a "covetous" Power!—is real and is savage. We have not seen much sense in belittling this since the movement started. It is true that Field-Marshal von Hindenburg has given no sign since the war began of singular military skill. But he is a hard-driving soldier, and we shall be on the safe side if we credit him and General von Falkenhayn with a thought-out plan for crushing Roumania, and with the men and material to attempt it. It occurred to one as unwise, though inviting, to write off Hindenburg as a failure when he was appointed to his office. It still occurs to one in that light. But that is not to say he is going to over-run Roumania this week or next. The over-running of exhausted Serbia was one proposition, the over-running of fresh Roumania is another. The news on Thursday and Friday—or the fragments that pass for news—of the fighting for the passes this week need not depress us.

The fighting, the whole situation in the East, is at present obscure. It is questionable whether anyone thoroughly grasps it here. To revive an expression threatened with disuse in these days of up and doing, we have to wait and see how events develop in the Roumanian quarter. Meanwhile, we note with satisfaction that the policy advocated in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week has found powerful friends—the policy of *helping Roumania by striking sledge-hammer blows continuously on the Somme*. The powerful leading article in the "Times" of last Monday should be read in this connection: "We may be confident that the unremitting attacks of the Allied forces in the West are the best safeguard against the despatch of German troops from France to help in the Roumanian campaign".

Again, in the same article: "The best we can do for our Ally [Roumania] is to redouble our blows on the Somme front". There is no doubt about it. The

mightiest issues hang upon the present Allied offensive in France. Every fresh blow we get in there resounds through and through the whole war area. It rings, as we said last week, through even the "frosty Caucasus"; and the "line to Bagdad runs through the valley of the Somme".

The Germans recognise this full well, at least those Germans do who are soberly and intelligently observing the progress of the war; and we have been struck and amused this week, as in several past weeks, by reading a number of their military comments. The momentum of the Allied advance—farm to farm, wood to wood, hamlet to hamlet—makes them sore and uneasy. They laugh as boys whistle in a dark wood at night to keep up their heart; but it is a poor forced sort of laugh. The Somme is the bitterest military experience Prussia has known since the time of Napoleon: she is there suffering frightful losses in life and in moral. The Commander-in-Chief, in his masterly survey printed on Friday, lays stress on this question of *moral*.

Thus the master aim of Britain and France to-day, and for long to come, must be to concentrate continuously on the Somme. We must have Bapaume at all costs. We must have Peronne. The French have pushed on gloriously again this week, and are getting snugly ensconced in Sillery-Saillisel—a noble storming exploit! The days of Le Transloy are numbered, so far as the enemy is concerned. Scores of counter-attacks by the Germans have been delivered since we first stepped into the trenches at Fricourt in July, and not one of them has "materialised"—the Somme, beyond the shadow of a doubt, is the place where we can hit the enemy hardest. But we shall only keep it up, and at length knock him clean over the ropes and out of the ring, by pouring in continuously fresh supplies of men and fresh supplies of munitions.

Does anyone understand the tattered situation in Greece? It cannot be pieced together by reading the

reports which correspondents send from Athens and from other places. If the money spent on telegraphing rumours and assumptions were invested in Exchequer Bonds the country would have many reasons to be thankful. But it is certain that a series of energetic steps have been taken by the Allied commanders. Last Sunday evening a body of Entente bluejackets were landed at the Piræus in order to reinforce the police. About twelve hundred men were put on shore; some were posted round the harbour, others went to the forts on the heights, and some squads patrolled the streets of the Piræus and controlled the railway to Athens.

On the 16th it was announced that Allied bluejackets had arrived in Athens, and that Admiral du Fournet, if necessary, would land other contingents, as it was necessary to prevent disturbances, which were being stirred up mainly by reservists. A small crowd, demonstrating against the Allied forces, went to the United States Legation and demanded American protection for Greece. It appears that Admiral du Fournet has been hooted, and that a disorderly mob on Tuesday evening were hostile towards a patrol of French marines, who charged with the bayonet and arrested some of the rabble. On Wednesday evening the British Minister, Sir Francis Elliot, had a long audience of King Constantine, and the subject of their talk is assumed to have been the withdrawal of the Greek troops from Larissa. However this may be, the Allied authorities on the spot understand the needs of the military situation.

At a dinner to the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General Designate of Canada, on Wednesday last, Sir William Robertson talked sound sense about the Army and the situation. The country and the Empire ought to be more than satisfied, he said, with what the Army had achieved—considering our start! It took us two years to begin, and we are now in the middle stage. "Let us concentrate on the middle, and the end will look after itself. The end will come when the enemy is beaten. The enemy can be beaten in only one way—hard fighting." Sir William was not concerned to predict the end. Our business is to stick firmly to our resolve and to support and strengthen our troops. The prophets should shut their mouths and find the soldiers instead. Sir William spoke practical common sense of the sort the nation is supposed to possess, but too many people are apparently still unable to see that the great thing is to back up the fighters.

One of the most pathetic appeals in the history of volunteering is the manly letter in which Major Redmond pleads to his countrymen for recruits. There are three Irish Divisions, and Major Redmond relates what one of them has done since it was called into being in September 1914 by the influence of the Irish Nationalist leaders. No body of men in the British Army has behaved with greater courage than that for which the 16th Division is famous at the front, and none can say that its deeds have been passed over in silence by the Press. Indeed, the Irish regiments, much more than any others, have been picked out for especial notice, as if they were Allies rather than citizens of the British Empire. If praise and gratitude for services done heroically can keep life in a voluntary system of enlistment, no Irish regiment should be in need of men. Yet the renowned 16th Division needs reinforcements at once. Major Redmond says: "It would be a thousand pities—indeed, it would be like a betrayal of the heroic dead—if the division which has brought so much honour to the Irish name ceased to be Irish. This must inevitably happen unless reinforcements come from Ireland." The truth is that recruiting in Ireland is almost at a standstill. Between 24 April and 12 October only 8,805 men from the four Irish provinces joined the Army, Ulster contributing 3,506, Leinster 3,081, Munster 1,749, and Connaught 469. Here is a lamentable snub to the Irish battalions.

The 16th Division achieved success for the first time after 26 March of this year, when it took over as a whole the Loos and Hulluch sectors of the line and held them firmly against superior numbers of Bavarian troops. It never lost a trench. Only twice in six months did the Bavarians gain a footing in the Irish lines—to be ousted at once with losses. In August the 16th Division was transferred to Picardy, and at the beginning of September a brigade took part in the assault on Guillemont. Two battalions of a brigade were used in the attack on the Combles trenches and in the advance through Leuzy Wood, and on the afternoon of 9 September the division moved forward against Ginchy and the German trenches east of Guillemont. It shared largely in the capture of both strongholds, and the fighting lasted from 1 September to the 11th, when the relief of the division was completed. After a rest of nine days orders were received for it to take over a new line—the beginning of a new chapter in its fine history. On every occasion when the 16th Division has left a district the civil authorities—headed by mayor and curé—have called upon the commander to praise the excellent conduct of the troops.

It is painful to pass from Major W. Redmond to Mr. John Redmond. Whilst the former makes his fine appeal to all patriotic Irishmen to rally to the cause and save this grand division, the latter is employed in polishing up the periods of an oration to appease Sinn Féin. Everybody knows by now of Mr. Redmond's difficulties in Ireland and of the menace of Sinn Féin to his party, his programme and his leadership; and many people are inclined to make allowances. But no good excuse can really be offered for his speech and pretended vote of censure on the Government in the House of Commons on Wednesday. Mr. Redmond calls for the release of rebels, amnesty all round, the introduction of Home Rule, and—virtually—the reproof and supersession of the military in Ireland. He calls for this chaos when the country is at death grips with the most powerful and resolute enemy it has ever encountered. It is inexcusable; and, what is more, we do not believe for a moment that it will really put him right with Sinn Féin, which is sure to vote the whole affair of Wednesday exactly what it was, a hollow pretence, sound and fury signifying nothing.

Mr. Duke, of course, declined these wild demands. He spoke with at once firmness and tact. The Prime Minister was conciliatory, and after some absurdities from Mr. Healy about the "ill-treatment" of Irish prisoners and an ill-timed pleasantry about the American Ambassador visiting them, the debate dwindled down and died out. It was dangerous, but in the storm and stress of infinitely mightier things will pass from thought. One notes, at any rate, one pleasant feature: there was some general cheering when the Prime Minister spoke hopefully about an ultimate settlement.

The Unionist War Committee has done a timely piece of work in appointing a committee of seven persons which is to examine and report the alterations urgently required during the war in the law regarding naturalisation, banking, joint-stock companies, and the changing of surnames. The idea is to eliminate enemy influence in the affairs of this country and in its public service. It is an idea which should have occurred long ago in such a practical form to a country which ought to be well acquainted with the German methods of peaceful penetration. The phrase is familiar, the methods are familiar, too, and it is high time that the expert was put in a position to defeat them. This Committee, we believe, means business and is well qualified to do it. France passed in April 1915 a law by which naturalisation can in certain circumstances be rescinded, and an amending Bill has just passed the French Chamber the object of which is to remove difficulties in giving effect

to that law. No one denies that there are difficulties in such cases of naturalisation, but they can be surmounted, and public opinion will not tolerate undue delay.

We notice that Miss Emily Hobhouse, in a letter to the "Times", suggests that Louvain may have been far more tenderly dealt with by the Germans than people suppose. The editor of the "Times" replies to this suggestion in stern and most suitable terms. We entirely agree with his reply, the matter and the manner of it. The Germans invaded Belgium without the smallest right to do so. They unquestionably butchered many harmless civilians; they pilfered freely, and are still pilfering what little remains to the Belgians; they destroyed priceless objects of art and historical value. Butchery, brigandage, and iconoclasm have been proved against them if anything in the world has been proved. Hence we need not be afraid of doing the Germans an injustice. Miss Hobhouse, it seems, has been privileged to see some portions of Louvain which the Germans have not demolished. Possibly the books may even turn up! We daresay there are still some people in this country who applaud the German-made story of the cannon in the Cathedral of Rheims which did service for *Kultur* quite early in the war.

The potentialities for injury to the Cause and Armies of the Allies which lurk in such a question as Mr. Trevelyan was allowed to put to the Government on Wednesday in the House of Commons are perfectly obvious. This particular question related to Russia and Constantinople. Can nothing really be done to "shut up" these people? If it is essential for some reason to allow these very dangerous and—from the standpoint of the Allies—these entirely useless questions to be put to Ministers, why need they be published in the Press or on club tapes, etc.? They manage this kind of thing better in Russia; and one is sorry to have to say they manage this kind of thing better in Germany.

Mr. Lloyd George last Tuesday, returning thanks for a gift, made one of his fervent speeches. The revelation of courage in this war, in the highest and in the humblest homes, was his theme. He found "a treasure, an inexhaustible treasure, hidden in the heart of the humblest man—of patriotism, consecration, courage, devotion, exalted attachment to ideals, and readiness of sacrifice for a great purpose". He referred specially to the splendid work done by the Welsh division who received the picture. They had accomplished the capture of Mametz Wood, one of the finest achievements in the war. Wales had reason to be proud of them, and we must see the reward for their sacrifices in "a victory that will free humanity from the menace of a despotism which has been like a dark cloud hanging over us for a generation past".

The Secretary of State for War—in spite of Messrs. Trevelyan, Pringle, Morel and Outhwaite, and the recent sad complaints of the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily News"—refuses to allow the Hon. Bertrand Russell to lecture in or to enter any prohibited area. He is right, whilst Messrs. Trevelyan, Pringle, Morel, Outhwaite, the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Daily News" are wrong. Mr. Lloyd George put it with marked restraint that the lectures of Mr. Bertrand Russell would "interfere with the prosecution of the war". Sensible and patriotic people, and the country generally will agree, without reserve, with the decision. It is an excellent one in every way.

Women in new occupations are now visible everywhere, and the figures concerning their activities for July are published this week by the Employment Department of the Board of Trade. Three-quarters of a million men have been directly replaced by women. Apart from nursing, in which the latest figures avail-

able, those for May, reach 30,000, and domestic service, the estimated number of women employed shows 2,117,000 in industrial occupations, 454,000 in commercial business, 130,000 in agriculture, 9,500 in banking and finance, and 4,000 in arsenals and dockyards.

The percentage of those replacing men is steadily going up in every industry, and we learn that few employers find much difficulty in securing women to fill such places. Educated women are largely employed in making munitions. In the cotton industry 25,000 women are taking men's work, and a surprising amount of heavy labour is being done in the way of loading and carrying. Things declared impossible are, in fact, being achieved daily. The only danger in this courageous and patriotic activity is that of overstrain, to which, we hope, due attention is being paid.

The Rhodes Estate Bill, which passed the House of Lords without discussion, is not, we should have thought, the sort of provision to which any patriot, however sensitive or high-minded, could object. Scholarships at Oxford for Germans nominated by the Kaiser are to be changed into scholarships for the Dominions and Colonies, in addition to those already in existence. The scheme has the positive merit of dividing Rhodes's benefaction more equally throughout the Empire. At the Second Reading, however, in the House of Commons on Thursday night, Mr. Joseph King thought it necessary to bring a charge of meanness. Lord Hugh Cecil's instruction to the Committee on the Bill for the purpose of including scholars without the Empire has its points, but does it represent the views of the testator?

An appeal is made this week on behalf of the Endowment Fund of the School of Oriental Studies at the London Institution. Its main object is to provide a place where the Oriental and African servants of our Empire may learn the languages and study the religions and customs of the peoples with whom they are brought in contact. This latter inquiry is one that has been much neglected, and strangely ignored in Civil Service examinations. The Berlin School of Oriental Languages has been a long way ahead of us. We have scholars equal to theirs, and all friends of education and the Empire should contribute towards providing an adequate endowment which will make such teaching readily accessible. The School has a royal charter and will open at the beginning of next year.

The news of Mr. W. H. Mudford's death recalls great days of the old "Standard" newspaper. Mr. Mudford was not a man of literary distinction or scholarship, but he knew how to encourage men of gift and accomplishment. Richard Jefferies wrote regularly for the "Standard" under Mr. Mudford's rule, with many other lesser men of note.

We hope a lively interest is taken in the Chelsea Memorial by a Chelsea artist to Henry James. It is a portrait bust in bronze, by Lieutenant F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., who had sittings from Henry James two years ago. A committee of distinguished Chelsea folk, under the chairmanship of Mr. Augustine Birrell, met for the first time on 30 June, and decided to place in the public library this admirable portrait, together with a complete collection of Henry James's works. Small subscriptions—the highest not to exceed a guinea—would be invited from residents in Chelsea. Have imaginary residents a place in this invitation? Many a man will wish to become one in order to send a subscription from another historic neighbourhood. One object of the memorial is to acknowledge the sympathetic attitude of Henry James towards England and the Allies in the war, as shown by his naturalisation as a British citizen.

LEADING ARTICLES.

OUR MASTERY IN THE AIR.

IN this long and stern war, when, a short while since, people did not hesitate to speak of a possible stalemate, there was no outstanding gain or achievement on either side which made such a supposition ridiculous on the face of it. On the whole, the stubbornness of defence has been more remarkable, till recently, than the surprise or effect of any sudden gain. Both sides were better matched than the world had supposed, but the advantage in science and enterprise was freely ascribed to our enemies, as if they had taken it from us long since, without any resistance on our part. On sea and on land alike there were solid reasons to dispute this supposed pre-eminence; but in the air, the new science, we were, of course, nowhere! Clamouring voices asked why, oh why, not build, after a German pattern, the only aeroplane that was worth anything, and deplored the expensive disasters of our brave aviators. Then a change came. Not so much was heard of the immense virtues of the Fokker—a machine which has gone clean out of vogue!—or of the unequalled exploits of German airmen. Later, the success of our airmen was constant, and now their complete mastery in the air is a commonplace grown so usual that we are apt to forget its importance. The German aviators have not grown less skilful than of old; they are brave pilots and fighters, sportsmen who take risks. Yet they are unquestionably outmatched and outmanœuvred. Our Army has eyes in the sky which the Germans do not possess. The Germans seldom venture over our lines; our airmen are always over theirs, and even descend low enough to use the machine guns against their men in the trenches! Such bold and resolute work is, of course, not achieved without losses, like that of Captain Lucas, F.R.S., the brilliant young physiologist, who added delicate manipulation to scientific skill, and to whom we owe the invention of the compass now in general use in British aeroplanes; but with all their enterprise our airmen have a considerably smaller list of losses than the Germans. At the front our conquest of the air is an undoubted and glorious fact. Our pilots and observers—and many of them have not reached manhood—are superb, and so are our machines. The organisation of the service is superb, and old or damaged machines are refitted for use with wonderful precision and promptitude. The grumbings and groanings at home have died away. Our splendid work on the Western Front alone was enough to silence these misers.

But, as if to make assurance doubly sure, our airmen at home have burst out of the dark into a blaze of glory—while Zeppelins have been bursting into fatal flames. There has been that shining of sudden names promised by Tennyson in war-time. The little active craft have been too much for the huge monsters, to which they might have seemed contemptible. We think naturally of the Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war in Fuller's celebrated comparison. "The English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Our aeroplanes have many names; the art of building them is progressive and ever subject to change. We even profited by the fact that at the beginning of the war we did not produce a huge crowd of them, which would have been quickly out of date.

The Zeppelin has but one name which is generally known; it has its merits, but it has not, so far as we are aware, advanced notably from its original design. It is solid and clumsy, and from its mere solidity always subject to a tremendous strain on its framework. It cannot be used two days running. We have found out how to stop it—the Germans have not found out how to stop our conquering airmen! Jean Paul Richter, a charming, if fantastic, prophet of old-time German culture, said that the empire of the sea belonged to the English, of the earth to the French, and of the air to the Germans. He was no wiser than many war experts of to-day and yesterday, and he must have been thinking of windy philosophies, of castles in the air.

Yet anyone not so long ago might have been accused of building these same castles if he had proclaimed the power and future of the aeroplane. The pioneers of that art were derided, and their mystery was regarded as exemplified by Dædalus or that artist in mechanics who promised to get Rasselas out of the heavily-guarded limits of his Happy Valley, and, on starting out on the wings it took him a year to make, at once fell into a lake. Who could expect to use the immeasurable blue as a highway, to face wind and rain with the happy buoyancy of a bird? "It do fare to be bumptious to the Almighty", said the Suffolk peasant when he first saw a balloon ascend; but man is no longer pinned to the solid ground beneath his feet. He has achieved more than the spirit in Shakespeare's exalted vision; he rides on the whirlwind; he is no longer

"imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world".

The future that lies before this new domination of the air, judged by its wonderful progress, should be immense. As recently as 1909 M. Blériot's crossing from France to England was a wonder, a feat rewarded with a prize of £1,000. Now it is a commonplace, a convenient means of carriage. Mr. Kipling's story, in "Actions and Reactions", of air services, international police, and regular routes all over the world can no longer be regarded as impossible fantasy. Those who think of the Channel Tunnel under the water will have to remember that above the water there is now an easy means of communication for machines which leave the fastest of steamers far behind.

When peace comes we shall strive to profit by our failures, and reckon up our advantages. We shall seek for the gains from this war to set against the endless devastation. The lesson of the aeroplane will not be the least of these gains. We have long ruled the seas, to the great advantage of ourselves and, we dare add, of the world. The services of our splendid Navy need no eulogy. What may we not expect when to this dominion is added, in common with our Allies, the rule of the air? Retaining all the advantages of an island, of which some alarmists deprived us in their prophecies as soon as Zeppelins appeared, we shall gain in many material ways, and we shall shed, let us hope, some of that insularity which puzzles our neighbours when we are so much nearer to them than we were. Annihilating time and space, we can make two nations happy. The mere poetry of it stirs the imagination. The bird-man high up in the blue, or shrouded in the clouds, fears no mountains, and dares even a wide expanse of sea. He has escaped the

labyrinthine obsession of earth. And our young Englishmen once again, like Drake and Raleigh, lead the world as the new adventurers.

COMBING THE IDENTICAL.

IN the absence of any fixed or settled recruiting policy, the raising of men for the King's forces has naturally fallen under the dominion of such phrases as here and there contrived to catch the ear and mind of the public at each renewed call for more and yet more men. "Single Men First" was the parent phrase of the compulsory movement. "Single Men First" was the Carolingian heir and successor of the effete Merovingian dynasty of spontaneous uprisings and voluntary groupings. It had a very terrible sound in the ears of those who wanted to win the war and to smash Prussian militarism without obliging anybody to be a soldier, and undoubtedly it was very effective as a popular cry. For one thing, it had the firm support of most of the men with wives and families, who fully appreciated the justice and force of requiring every healthy young Englishman without any very pressing family obligations to put on khaki and fight for his country. Confronted with this terrible phrase—a phrase which admitted once for all that it was not wrong, but possibly quite right, to order an Englishman to fight for England—the opponents of the British Army, of whom there are many still extant, found it necessary to invent a counter-phrase. They finally came to rest on the word "indispensable". The word "indispensable" has had a long innings and a magical effect upon public opinion and public tribunals. In many cases it has been necessary only to mutter the word "indispensable", and even the counter-spell of "Single Men First" was put to defeat and shame. It was gradually realised by the other side that some more powerful formula was required if the "Indispensables" were to be met upon anything like fair and equal terms. It had to be something short and pithy—preferably something figurative, and with an element of unpleasant suggestion about it. In due time the phrase appeared, and the Indispensables shortly began to realise that they were in deadly peril of being combed out.

We do not remember who first put together these two wonderful words; but clearly he was something of a genius. The phrase could hardly be bettered for stampeding the public in a given direction. It puts the enemy out of court at once by suggesting an unsavoury analogy. It lends itself to much delicate railleury, according as the implement in question is magnified into a muckrake or reduced to a tooth-comb. Such picturesque suggestions are admirably in the traditions of some of our keen ones, who even yet hardly realise that the old attitude of recrimination and insult might decently have been forgotten as soon as the Military Service Acts had killed the sham voluntarism under which it so greenly flourished. Clearly the Indispensables, however securely they were entrenched behind their cards, certificates, extensions, badges, medical records, and so-forth, had not, and have not, a chance against this devilish new-comer. The mediæval emblem of the pitchfork with which the enemy of mankind has been so inveterately associated will henceforth give way in many minds to this more deadly implement of the Comb or Rake. We may reasonably hope to read some day a new allegory, well based upon fundamental Anti-Conscriptionist doctrines, in which this new Apollyon will appear armed with a gigantic Comb and panoplied in Jaeger. Perhaps someone will suggest the idea, say, to Mr. Edward Carpenter or to Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

The deadly phrase will doubtless run its epidemic course and, incidentally, do some necessary work for the country by convincing those who are better reached by phrases than by principles or arguments that more men must really be found for the Armies—men who have hitherto been regarded, or have regarded them-

selves, as indispensable to the community in their civilian capacity. Meantime those who have rather less respect for phrases and the public spurts of energy they evoke will watch a little anxiously for times and occasions when this new phrase, in the way of all phrases and in the way of all its actual predecessors, tends to over-reach itself and defeat the good intentions of those who really and honestly believe in it. We have already had a taste in an early stage of the present war of what may quite conceivably happen. When, in the late summer of 1914, the "Spontaneous Uprising" was in full swing, many men who were really indispensable to the munitioning and providing of our Armies uprose and, in the absence of any authority or organisation to bid them do what was most useful and likeliest to help their country, they went away into camps and trenches, leaving the workshops to whistle for their irreplaceable skill and muscle. Some of them had, as a desperate measure, to be brought back; but this was not possible in many cases, and, even where it was possible, it badly threatened the discipline and unity of the New Armies. Everyone knows how, after this, under the prick of a new phrase, exactly the contrary evil was encouraged. Having allowed the factories to strip themselves of many really indispensable men, we shortly rushed to the opposite extreme and allowed thousands of men who were not in any sense indispensable or really qualified for important munitioning work at home, to evade the Army by slipping into the factories. We are now confronted with another swing of opinion and phrase, and unless the authorities are wiser and more circumspect than they have hitherto proved in the distribution of our man-power, we may shortly find them, under the dominion of the Comb, impairing the efficiency and checking the output of things essential to our men in the trenches. There are certain operations in the munition factories and in the factories which supply all sorts of heavy material for the Services which can be performed only by muscular men of fit age and physique. A rigid application of the physical or age test to these factories would seriously endanger our supplies of shells, armour, guns, etc. It hardly needs to be pointed out that any such peril to our supplies would be flatly opposed to the interests of the Army. It is already causing grave anxiety to many who have the interests of the Army solely at heart and in mind.

The mischief is that many who are now most loudly urging for an indiscriminate raking of our factories are not really thinking of the Army at all. They are thinking of how to avoid raising the age-limit or how to avoid applying conscription to Ireland—how, in one way or another, to sidle away from the stern necessity which lies visibly ahead of us of putting more and yet more men into strictly national work and for the most part under military discipline. Combing the munition factories seems to many a lesser evil and an easier way than breaking new ground and extending the task of regimenting the whole nation. There are many who, when they talk of finding more men, and are seen to flourish an imaginary comb upon the least excuse, are really more anxious to avoid bringing in new classes of men into the public service than they are to find military reserves for the Somme front. The influence of their counsels will have to be very heavily discounted or mischief will undoubtedly be done to the workshops which to-day are serving the ships and the guns.

The chief needs of this war are two in number—men and munitions. This is a familiar saying, but it has not yet got deeply enough into the public mind. Otherwise there would never be any question of robbing one to supply the other. To a great extent—to a far greater extent than is realised by those who have been caught by the combing-out formula—our resources both in men and in munitions have to be renewed and augmented *from outside*. The substitution in our munition factories of women or ineligible for men who have no particular skill or qualification will undoubtedly yield men for the Army, but very definite limits must

be set to this substitution. As soon as it begins to touch either the men whose physical or technical fitness for munition work is essential to the efficiency of our factories, as soon as it threatens to throw out of gear their organisation or begins to starve them of labour, this substitution becomes a threat to our armies on the Somme and our fleets at sea. The truth had better be faced at once—namely, that the comb, however terrible a weapon it may seem to those for whom it suggests Damocles or the Pitt and the Pendulum, is not going to win the war; and that, if it is used in the violent and haphazard way in which some would like to see it wielded, it may do quite as much harm as good. This comb is not the weapon of the immortal barber who shaved the Identical. The weapon of Shagpat was not a comb at all; it was something sharper and finer altogether. It was no use trying to comb the Identical; the Identical had to be cut.

PATRIOTISM AND THE COST OF FOOD.

SEVEN weeks ago we said that the cost of food was becoming a test of patriotism. Since then the public unrest has increased. Any sort of wild talk about rings and unscrupulous profit-seeking is believed by a great many persons, though the Food Prices Committee runs strongly counter to the prevailing assumption that nefarious profits are being made by those who distribute the nation's food supplies. The Committee's report says, in reference to milk, "What is generally certain is that the gains made through high war prices have gone chiefly to the primary producers"; and neither this report nor the investigation of Mr. Runciman brings charges of malpractice against the capitalists and the shopkeepers who intervene between producer and consumer in the case of meat and bacon. In Tuesday's debate Mr. Runciman said emphatically that he had no evidence at all of exploitation in the sale of these foods. If exploitation did exist, he added, the Government would not hesitate to use their large statutory powers, nor would they fail to ask for enlarged powers if the present ones proved insufficient. Consider also his remarks on fish and on eggs:

"Fish is not dearer because there is any undue profiteering out of fish, not because there is an exploitation of the customer. It is dearer because there are not the same number of fishing boats at sea, as many boats are engaged in trawling for mines instead of for fish. Take the case of eggs. Everybody knows that we used to get gigantic quantities of eggs from Siberia and Russia. The whole of that supply has been cut off, and naturally eggs are bringing in a much greater price than they ever brought before. *I can imagine nothing more grossly unfair than to arouse public indignation on this subject without giving a true explanation for a great many of the rises which have taken place.*"

To circulate vague charges of dishonesty against the distributors of food is to offend gravely against the realm's defence; it stimulates a feverish discontent in many quarters, and every outcry over the cost of food in Britain gives encouragement to Germany. Yet there are public men who do not look at the matter from this point of view. Their allegations rest on no verified evidence, and their criticisms of the Government are unaccompanied by rational arguments. If they were summoned before a court of law to prove their statements a check would soon be placed on harmful indiscretion. When a public man says that speculators, including farmers, have been lining their pockets for two years with pickings from the poor man's loaf, or when he declares that the people have been angered by the enormous profits made out of their food, he should be compelled to pass from vague and general charges to named culprits, named witnesses, and detailed evidence. Unproved assertions that fan the people's discontent have no more real patriotism than the alleged evils done by speculators unnamed.

If any farmer in the East of England has poured thirty gallons of milk a day into a drain, let his name

be known, and let witnesses be called to prove his guilt. A correspondent has told Mr. Barnes that this waste of milk has been ordered by a member of the East Anglian Dairy Farmers' Supply Association. We should like to know what useful purpose can be served by making such a charge as this without bringing forward proofs at the same moment. Even as a proved fact, this waste of milk ought to be punished with as little ado as possible, because an exceptional act of wrong, if freely advertised at the present time, might be regarded in many quarters as a common act, and certainly it would breed prejudice against all dairy farmers. Now is not the time to run any risk of setting classes and trades at variance with one another. Farmers are being used as targets by many snipers in the civil strife of growing discontent. It is said that milk is being made into cheese when the dairy farmer cannot get his price. Yet the increase in the price of milk is 13 per cent. less than that of cheese, despite the imports of cheese. Milk has risen 39 per cent. and cheese 52 per cent. "I am not so sure", says Mr. Runciman, "that turning milk into cheese is such a heinous offence. It may be wise policy to keep the 52 per cent. down. It may be that the Cheshire farmers are really doing good to the community." Besides, "any farmer who withholds cheese unduly from the market is liable to prosecution, and if evidence is brought to me I will not hesitate to prosecute".

We suggest that all these hot reformers, instead of chattering vaguely about scoundrel speculators and bad farmers, should collect evidence and send it to Mr. Runciman. This discretion would not make noise enough to give pleasure to the enemy, and it would enable the Government to extend necessary discipline in a quiet and a rapid manner. In a time of strain the unreflective are over-apt to accept all rumours and to magnify all facts; hence the need of the utmost care when the question of food prices are discussed, either publicly or privately. The aggregate rise of prices has not been so great as people believe, and those who complain against it least are usually those who have had neither war bonuses nor an increase of income. But a rise of 58 per cent. in the aggregate cost of food comes inevitably as a shock to a nation which for several decades looked upon war as unthinkable, and upon cheapness as the paradise of free imports. That the rise has not been higher is surprising to those who think, for the Government points out that the country has lost by enemy action and by marine risks no fewer than two million gross tons of shipping: more than the whole mercantile marine of France before the war. Then there is the shipping constantly employed in the transport of troops, of munitions, and of military supplies. If shipowners excite bitter criticism by showing a drop in profits, none can say with truth that they and their men have not given a full measure of swift and efficient service.

In Tuesday's debate the influence of freights on the cost of food was shown by official figures to be very much less active than gossips have declared. The price of meat appears to have increased by fourpence or fivepence, and only three-eighths of a penny comes from freights. The big rise in the market price of American bacon owes only a halfpenny of the increase to freights; and the same increase has been added by the same cause to Canadian cheese, which has gone up either fourpence or fivepence. "To put down the heavy rise in the price of foodstuffs to freights", says Mr. Runciman, "is nothing less than a distortion of the facts; it does nothing whatever to satisfy public opinion, or to give us any help in the solution of these difficult problems." Obviously; but the main point is that a noisy traffic in exaggeration goes on everywhere, and exaggeration, like panic, grows from within itself. The Government cannot advertise too plainly or too insistently the unquestionable facts about the cost of food and its causes; and much good would be done if our present prices were shown side by side with those that keep the markets in the United States and in other neutral countries. Self-pity is a motive-power

behind all grumbling, and the only cure for it in a time of war is the knowledge that the suffering to be borne is caused by inevitable things.

We do not see that State control can do in the bulk any more than it is doing. Ministers and their assistants are alert and wide-awake in the matter of wheat, and not less than £60,000,000 has been invested in purchases of meat. More than 150,000 tons of meat have been distributed under control to British civilians; unnecessary middlemen are set aside, and the merchants' profits are strictly limited. Yet there are persons who believe that magical things of good would happen somehow if a Ministry of Food Supplies—it has been called a "Ministry of Gastronomic Munitions"—came into being, took a series of hotels for the benefit of superannuated clerks, and appointed agents in every parish to pour evils into the national life in a system of muddled rationing. The German people know what rationing means. It is a servitude imposed on a nation by a blockade or by a ring of besieging armies. Its most distressing effects have to be borne by women, whose time it wastes hour after hour in long efforts to exchange their tickets for food, and who can never escape for a moment from their irritation. Besides, it is always the poor who have the greatest cause to detest the servitude of bread tickets and of meat cards, because they cannot evade the regulations by going on the quiet to illicit dealers and by paying much more than the maximum prices.

As the rationing evils in Austria and Germany are well known, it is impossible to understand why any Englishman should talk with approval about meat and bread tickets, as if he wished his country to tell the world in her acts that she suffered from a blockade, despite her sea-supremacy. The Government rationed sugar and petrol, and how did the public accept this control? Not less than 200,000 letters protested against the petrol rationing, and in many thousands of letters the poor showed how keenly they disliked the restrictions placed on the sale of sugar. "Heaven forbid that we should have to ration anything else", says Mr. Runciman. "The policy of the Government is to provide plenty, to see that we have in this country abundance, and to see that it is brought here under terms which allow no one to become unduly rich at the expense of the consumer." This policy was cheered by the House, but will it have a fair chance of success if noodles are allowed to anger the people with vague and general accusations against "speculators" and farmers?

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 116) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE COST OF IGNORING MAN-POWER.

I.

AS another winter draws nigh we are brought face to face with the penalties of the gamble we were foolish enough to initiate in the two past years, when in search of man capital with which to continue the deadly struggle with our opponents. Our Allies, east and west, had realised up to what amount they could play in the great war game. The stake was equal for all, for the ruin and defeat of a single one meant the successive destruction of the other two. It was to the interest of each to expend in men and money to the best of his means in the effort, but, above all, the question of men was of supreme moment. What a puny conception of the task lay in the minds of those destined to guide the British public! The return of Lord Haldane from Germany, his spiritual home of lies, with persuasive messages of peace, helped to extinguish more completely every spark of virile spirit in the nation. We had trained for years a small Regular Army, raised from the starvelings of the country, in order to maintain the able-bodied men of the nation in

luxury and employment. They performed their task. We were, however, soon to learn that a creed of rights without duties must end in self-destruction. After Lord Kitchener's appeal, first for 100,000 men, then for half a million, we were driven, as we know, to the shamefaced method of advertisement. Two thousand officers and another half-million of men were called for, and we can remember the disgraceful methods whereby men of all calibres of physical capacity were drawn into the net. It was asked in these pages as early as 29 August 1914, Why not employ the best recruiting sergeant, the law of the land, and compel the manhood to come in and see what stuff the nation is composed of? It may be said with truth that we should have had on hand more men than we could train and manage in the barrack square. Surely we might have allowed the extra million or two to return to their work, and join when required for training. What thousands of misfits who now burden our ranks and our pension lists would have been saved to the nation had the question been visualised by a man! As winter succeeds winter, we have been looking forward to preparations for a spring offensive in the various theatres of war. Have these winters been spent in training any new men that have been evolved from the consideration of requirements? Not a bit of it. The periods have been wasted, for the most part, in devising fresh methods of postponing or shelving the vital question of the main issue. The universality of service has never yet been settled. The people that govern us decline to do aught but talk about a crushing victory for the Allied cause! They refuse to prepare for extreme situations that may arise. It would seem as if the joyful news of a triumph in the East tended to weaken our efforts to grasp the immensity of the struggle that still lies before us in the West. Russia's great victory in the first capture of Lemberg, instead of stimulating our efforts, seemed, on the contrary, to encourage apathy and cause a postponing of the hour for solving the great question. It is sad to think of a Coalition Ministry being obliged to fall back for the method of raising armies on a Registration Act carried out by the gentle efforts of male and female amateurs. Picture the thousands of able-bodied scamps who wilfully evaded it. Picture the tens of thousands who faced the card given to them in their district, and when the place became too hot for them, decamped to cooler regions, without leaving a trace of their whereabouts. Worse still, picture the abject weakness which stands behind this authority when I state that the workers for the Registration Act are now besought to visit their districts in search of absentees, *but are requested not to enter the premises for this purpose!* Could more abject cowardice in dealing with a question of "man-power" exist?

As the winter seasons go by, an active-minded foe is not only raising and training fresh armies for the field, but is devising new operations to forestall his adversary in the coming summer. Witness the dawn of 1916, which saw the full strength of Germany launched at Verdun, while within a hundred miles stood a gigantic army, insufficiently war trained, owing to the past six months lost for ever in a campaign of jaw and argument over the question of making the Registration Bill a reality. Witness the summer of 1916, which, though it has carried our arms into the side of German defence, has not probed it so far as to prevent Germany from finding troops, and to spare, for a campaign elsewhere, where, if she be successful, she will find means to sustain the war still further. We seem to forget that our Ally, France, has a far heavier

burden to bear in this war, whether victorious or not, than has England.

II.

England continues to pay heavily for her shortsightedness in restricting the training of her manhood, and thus preventing them from fulfilling their first duty to their country. Instead of strengthening their moral fibre, they are encouraged to subordinate their duty to the worship of the fetish of accumulating wealth, and exchange virility for lucre—a disgusting market. Upon the shoulders of England will devolve the task of putting a finish to this struggle—and to this conclusion all the omens point—but it will be a Homeric struggle. A backbone of solid English worth of the best of our manhood must be steeled by discipline and trained to take its share in the prolonged contest that has to be faced. Many thousands must go down before the Prussian eagle is lowered to the ground; but down to the very dust it must go if Peace is ever to be given to the world.

This dallying year after year with the inestimable factor of time in warfare may completely alter the aspect of the war stage in the near future. We have two methods of bringing the Germans to their knees; the blockade and the battle. After toying with the former for some eighteen months, we have at last evolved a system which is proving somewhat effective in its purpose. The gates into Germany which promise a copious supply to re-victual both the Army and the people are at present barred, but not bolted. Hindenburg's coup in Roumania, if it comes off, will open wide one of these gates and counteract all the effects expected from the sea blockade. "Too late," we shall cry again both by sea and by land.

A grave punishment threatens us owing to our lax methods of filling our ranks and developing our man-power in 1915. Not till 1 July 1916 could we declare ourselves justified in taking the field in earnest. The début was splendid, and our troops have marched steadily onwards. It gave hope that before another New Year was passed the back of the German resistance on the West might by continuous hammering be broken. Would not hope have blossomed into a reality if the month of March 1916 had seen us complete in man-power, material, and munitions, and we had then launched our great offensive? Unless we are determined that there shall be no repetition of this miscalculation, we have another twelve months' war before us. We can beat the German in battle, as we have proved daily in a splendid four months, but we are children compared to him in our war guile. It is in order to forestall his subtleties that we must have ready to hand the full man-power of the nation. There can be no mistake about it, that if Hindenburg's coup leaves the granaries of Roumania in German hands we can bid farewell to any expectation of an early termination of the war. What a different picture would have been presented if the man-power of Great Britain had been at the beck and call of its leaders in the month of March 1916! This war has been one of never-ending surprises, half of which might have been avoided if our statesmen had realised the true interpretation of the term "War". It is the failure to give a thought to the gigantic proportions that war can assume that has been our undoing year after year. Who would have thought when we crossed swords in August 1914, that within eighteen months Serbia was to be crushed, Turkey and Bulgaria roped in as allies of the Central Powers, and Greece a tool in German hands? Would any of these

enterprises have been initiated if the Kaiser had known that behind the leaders of England stood the whole man-power of the country, ready to step into the ranks and see the matter through to the bitter end?

The wretched tinkering with this all-important matter has brought its punishment. We stand in Roumania on the verge of an economic crisis in the war, and a failure to the Allied arms in that country may cause a repercussion along the entire Allied front, which it may take a twelvemonth to overcome.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMY AT THE FRONT. III.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

I SPOKE in my last paper of the good humour and the great heart of the men returning to their rest stations from the trenches and of the men setting forth to take their turn in the trenches. There is no overstatement in that—good humour and great heart are clear to see everywhere at the front. They flourish exceedingly in those Somme fields of danger, anguish and death. It is idle to take notice of some occasional exception to the rule of good humour and great heart which may be bruited about there or here; for it remains that out there on the spot, in the thick of it, the rule is marvellously more than the exception.

What, indeed, for good humour, can be better than the attitude of the British soldier—from the highest in the Army to the plain fighting man, to the simple unadorned unit—towards the enemy? As to the plain fighting man, could anything be more eloquent of good humour than his "Boche", of the enemy? "Hun" is a poor perfunctory thing by comparison, which long ago lost any savour it ever had, like "Pirate". Boche is untranslatable, but how delightfully it expresses the attitude of our plain fighting men towards their opponents! It can be used very well, too, on occasions by these fighting men's leaders. I asked an officer of the Flying Corps who had been showing me his sheds and machines, and patiently suffering my amateur questions, why the Germans had not copied some of our aeroplanes exactly, and so flown across our lines and gained information safely. Well, there were reasons—but, for one thing, the Boche flying man was "quite a good sport, you see", and wanted "to play the game".

That is the spirit of the Army. It is priceless. People who wax indignant about Donington Hall and about military funerals for Zeppelin crews will never get any aid from the front, where there is humour and a large common sense view is taken. Reprisals against prisoners—a rotten suggestion—would find small support there.

Near Albert I chanced to meet a body of some two hundred and fifty Germans, including six officers, captured in the battle raging that day. We slowed to have a look at them, and, as we did so, British soldiers seemed to spring up from everywhere around and run down and crowd the edge of the road. Some may have issued from holes in the ground, others may have been lying unobserved out in the grass enjoying the sun; but wherever they came from it is certain the roadsides presented suddenly a crowd of running spectators. It was an entirely good-natured crowd, with only a little lively human curiosity to see what the Boche sample that day was like; and the moment curiosity was gratified a speedy melting away and return to burrow or grass couch with no more thought

of Boche. It did not jeer or cheer or do anything to hurt the feelings of a far more sensitive soul than a German prisoner's after a long, dusty tramp from the hell over the hill to the haven behind our lines. War, I read, is a bestial, brutal, senseless thing: let us grant it. But the training of war, by some absurd paradox, makes gentlemen in great masses—this must be granted, too. What is a true gentleman? The definitions of him would fill a volume. But those who would pursue this subject, and wish to bring it up to date, might well make their inquiries on the Somme—and beyond the Somme, all over the war area. One can only say that one is never more conscious of the conduct of the gentleman and the spirit of the Christian all round one than during a journey at the front.

Discipline has something to do with it—life without discipline being a more miserable thing than life without liberty. But discipline alone does not make gentlemen. I suspect the certainty among the men that they have to get self under somehow, have to shell and burn and bayonet it in the trenches, and at the batteries, also helps to make the gentleman. Anyhow, there is the fact—this conduct and this spirit do animate, do illumine, our men in masses to-day.

People, soldiers and civilians, have asked me what the German prisoners looked like—their physique, their moral? There were certainly some weedy-looking specimens among them, some unshorn and ragged ones. There were likewise some specimens of undeniable manhood. A dulled, greyish, and set expression, I thought, pervaded the whole body; and it seemed as if the officers, with others, had said to themselves: "I must set my face like a flint". But one has to remember they had come out of hell that morning. A few were lightly wounded. But I recall that at a distance behind the body came one man, badly wounded. I have a strong impression that he was virtually carried upright by two Tommies, who guided him as though they loved him—as probably they did. But what struck me about this man was the colour of his face: there is a white which is a colour.

I saw other German prisoners—many of them—on my way to the Somme, further behind this newly rescued troop; and what struck me about them was their comfortable appearance. Their faces were by no means set like flints. There was nothing wrong about their physique or moral—no greyish expression there. They were well out of it, safe, healthy, well fed. Our reprisals take that form, and it will turn out in the end a sound, practical form.

The two best stories illustrative, respectively, of heroism and cheerful resignation—forms, perhaps, of the same thing—which I have heard since the war began relate to wounded men; one at the front, the other at home. The first records a miracle act of self-sacrifice by one of the crew in a "tank". I do not know that I am free to relate it now; but, as posthumous V.C.'s are given, we may have the details of it later perhaps. It struck me, as I heard it at the front, that this particular act was, if possible, even more wonderful than sitting or falling on bombs to prevent their damage being distributed. The other story is this: At a concert for wounded in England lately a famous singer was on the point of beginning his song when he was asked to wait a few moments, for there was still another man to be brought in. Something was wheeled or carried in and set down in front. The singer looked down and saw a head and trunk; nothing much else, so far as he could make out. A wave of emotion swept over him, whereat the

object of his pity looked up encouragingly and said in Welsh: "Cheer up!" Decidedly heroism and resignation are close blood relations—a truth impressed on one at a field dressing or at a clearing station for the wounded.

I visited a place of this description when the wounded were coming in somewhat thickly, the work in hand over the ridge having been savage that morning. First the colonel showed me over his house. It was a good, plain, two-storey house. We took the lower storey first—rather dark, but quite well ventilated, and with kitchen, several bedrooms soundly boarded, and in one instance papered with a pretty little rose pattern, just the thing for the spare room of a week-end country cottage. The Germans, in their hurry to retire, had left one capital bedroom mirror—French, I fancy. They had left to the incoming tenant fixtures for electric light, too, which, however, needed some repair. The emergency exit, which must be useful under shell fire such as the British howitzer puts on German dug-outs in these days, was in a perfect state of preservation. Indeed, there seemed to be two emergency exits, much as rabbits construct several pop-holes in some of their dug-outs—few things were more annoying in boyhood when one was ferreting than suddenly to see a rabbit bolt out of one of these unnetted "pop-holes", and so escape. It may be that all the best residential dug-outs of the Germans in the early days of the push had these emergency exits—on "the every modern convenience" plan—but I only visited one.

We went upstairs into the cellar, or dining-room, where we drank a toast, not to the late tenant, for we drank it in liquid cheerier than cold water. Is there really any harm in a very occasional something and soda when your wall rocks to the roar without? And I doubt whether the most up-to-date German dug-out has a sound-proof room when the British artillery is preparing the ground for an attack. A hut above ground which I had sat in earlier that day shook and shivered to the music of the 9.2 howitzers. The noise must become very wearing after the novelty of it passes.

We retraced our way downstairs, where I touched something with my foot. I looked down and by the light of the electric torch saw one of several bodies rolled in blankets, motionless. No need of a sound-proof room for them, nor to "turn the key deftly in the oiled wards"! These sleepers had been dressing the wounded through the past night: they slept the sleep of the very just.

We reached the real upper air again, not the cellar, and found that an ambulance had come in and was discharging its contents. This was not strictly a clearing station, nor was it the advanced dressing station, which I was not suffered to reach on my journey. It appeared to be somewhat between the two stages. No serious operations were done here: only a hanging arm or leg would be snipped off, if necessary, and wounds redressed. I entered the dressing tent—all very rough and extemporised, I was told by my host. "We have to do what we can." "What we can" included perfect neatness, orderliness, cleanliness. There are sisters of mercy and there are brothers of merey; and, save in the tone of the voice, there is not so much in it between them. Both, obviously, are brothers and sisters to Christ.

Here is the same hard paradox: war is bestial, devilish, senseless—granted: but then this bestial, devilish, senseless thing produces in great masses, as

peace distinctly does not produce them, brothers and sisters to Christ.

Is it this—war, unlike peace, gives far more men and women the opportunity to become, in great masses, brothers and sisters to Christ, heroes and heroines? But no, that will hardly do, for we are agreed that war is bestial, devilish, senseless—how then can it afford opportunities for God-like conduct which peace with her blessings does not afford?

The paradox is too difficult for me at any rate. Let us, instead, take a glance at the wounded before a very heavy and objectionable sort of steel saucepan is forced down over one's head, regardless of misfit, and one is jolted over a few miles of road which British gunners and British shell-makers employed themselves lately in making appropriate possibly to tanks, but not to civilians engaged in sedentary occupations.

They divide up the wounded into stretcher cases, walkers, sitters. What struck me always about the first of these at the front and anywhere near the front was their stillness: it must be some time before that ceases to pierce through one. The walkers had already left for the clearing station not far off. The sitters walked, gingerly, to a long wooden bench, sat down—those hurt about the legs, very gingerly—and half nursed an arm, a hand, a leg. They were going to get right again, the majority of these men, though there was no mistake about it they had tasted of the fiery furnace that morning, and for a time it must have dizzied them. But hell is not only an angry place to be in: it is a hungry, thirsty place too. And the way those English lads laid into the slices of bread and butter and the cups of coffee or beef tea warmed the cockles of one's heart. One boy told me, between the bites, " 'Twas a crump, sir ". It had taken him in the head and it had taken him in the leg.

Not a note of repining, not a groan or a cry of pain; but everything borne patiently as part of the day's work. Again the paradox faced me of the bestial, devilish, senseless thing named war producing in masses of—ordinarily—ordinary people a patience under anguish, a manhood which can bring the scalding tear into one's sin-dry glands.

Why should Peace with plenty moan over her pricked finger, whilst the bloody stump of War can look up with a smile and remark "Cheerly"?

THE CASE AGAINST GERMAN MUSIC.

By JOSEPH HOLBROOKE.

I.

AMIDST the present scene it is disturbing to read of the constant performance of German music in our midst. If you declare with some that now is the time to close our doors and encourage home talent, the superior and the tolerant ones reply with: "Fudge! We have no musical art to compare with the Germans". Others say: "Art has no boundaries". Many ask: "What is British music?" And the audiences settle the whole controversy by going to performances of German music in large numbers and thus support heartily its continuance. Even soldiers are found listening to it. So one must try to fathom whether the British care one jot for their own talent, or whether their brains are so large and generous that, even though "gassed", or sprayed with diabolical liquid, or casually slaughtered by the German, they despise the attitude of other great countries in art who have cut themselves off from the influence of his music and his trade.

It would be very interesting, in discussing the welfare of our arts, to see the effect on our audiences of German music if *all* the aliens were interned. I venture to think that the bulk of the support for these enterprises in our midst comes from the Teuton element, naturalised or unnaturalised. The German loves his music and always supports it—as witness the recent Queen's Hall Orchestra programmes for many years, and Sir Edgar Speyer's support of them. Certainly, this is natural enough. The painful fact which is slowly but surely emerging is that we British will not support our own musical works. We seem firmly to believe that our own output is a poor one in music. We go so far as to maintain it in a controversy! Our writers on music are notoriously bad, and what little ability they possess for writing on music is surely and regularly given to alien work. This was also declared recently by Sir T. Beecham in an interview on opera matters in this country. I do not use the term "alien" in any derogatory sense; but if it is not German excellence, it is other foreign excellence! The sympathy in the Press which is supposed to guide our public in art goes first towards the German school because the Germans have "worked" this inoffensive country for all they are worth; whilst our trade was surely going to them our art was gone. We send those of our young students who are gifted, to study and fill themselves with German idioms. We give a German conductor full reign in Manchester since the days of Halle! The Queen's Hall Orchestra has pushed manfully all German work, and the London Symphony Orchestra—a fine orchestra—gives itself to the German conductors for the past ten years. Our Covent Garden opera authorities have for many years put Richter and German opera-de-luxe first and foremost. Sir Thomas Beecham, like so many of our rich men, gives his support to the Russian school, which, as it is a little fresher and stranger than the German, gains the firm support of the public. Our Academy and our colleges have German music still for their training. I make no doubt that Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms still rule these establishments, despite the slaughter of our race and the sly antics of our German residents and the colossal brutality of the German nation.

Our very knights in music have all been "trained" in Germany! and very many of our "professors" have been trained there. Our "critical" faculty has also, in many cases, come from the same training. I recently spoke to a young musician who was telling me of the wonders of Stuttgart—how much he had learnt there—and could I help him now he had returned to his own country? He had, it appears, won a scholarship (so many there are!) in Edinburgh—and they had sent him, of course, to Germany. I naturally asked him why he had not settled in Stuttgart, as it was so wonderful, and indeed I should like to ask the same question of the musical men who govern our schools and scholarships. The young man's reply was that posts are not given to aliens where Germany is concerned. Of course not! But we are more tolerant or stupid. I have often maintained that art should be anonymous. If we began now to give some fine musical works by our own men, and refrained from stating any nationality or name, the people would be found listening as readily to Frank Bridge or Cyril Scott, or they would be found listening to Bantock or Bax, as they now do to Stravinsky or Ravel. It is a thousand pities that as a nation we think so little of our gifted men. Although we have never, I believe,

starved one of them as Germany starved Schubert and Mozart, we have treated our poets, our sculptors, and our musicians with no consideration. One recalls the life of Blake and the mediocrity around him. It is the same to-day. We can meet many folk who tell us we have no first-rate music. Ask them what works of particular artists they know and the "art-cult critics" subside.

Why is it, if one of the many rich men of our country ever does condescend to help any project of art, it is always a German project, always a foreign project? No money is ever forthcoming for the native artist here, even though fine work is done by our modern orchestral writers. If money does ever support our young lusty writers, it is always accompanied by conditions. Either the donor wants a work written which he can play himself, or which he designs, or which he may choose to be excellent; or it may be the giver wants a new work to conduct or to play in public! Anyhow, he dictates the scope of any work for which he gives a prize.

We need a man to put down his money: and leave the composition to the artist.

I will touch on two or three matters relevant to this issue again shortly, as it is now, of all times, that we should strive to better our conditions in music.

LIFE IN SHETLAND.

By EDMUND SELOUS.

IN autumn, after the mating-time of her sea-birds is over, Shetland loses much of her charm for the bird-lover; yet still birds are there, and there is much besides that may be studied both within and without the lonely little crofter's cot that hangs, like a somewhat larger rock, upon the great ness-side. Fine views are common to either situation. Through one little peep-hole of a window, set in its deep embrasure, the "voe", like a placid inland lake, glimmers, sometimes under a cloud-swept harvest moon, and may even occasionally dance in the wintry sunlight; whilst from another one sees its mouth and the open sea, with rocky indented coast-line, and here and there a precipice that, falling sheer from some high-reared headland, is lost, not half-way down, behind the contours of lower hills. Schools of porpoises sport and roll in the "voe", and fleets of cormorants—that smaller and more ornate variety to which the less euphonic name of shag has been given—sail up and down it, lying long, low and dark in the water, like little piratical craft. Seals even may enter it; gulls are both there and on the land, and by every loch and tarn; whilst over all the raven glides on black wings, set and motionless, from hill-top to hill-top, high above wide, lonely spaces, scanning all beneath him for prey.

Indoors, in the kitchen, by the peat-fire, the baby's mother rocks his cradle as she sings him a lullaby, the single word of which calls up to remembrance that sweetly sad one of "Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament":

"Balow, my babe, lie still and sleep;
It grieves me sair to see thee weep."

But here that one first word suffices (pronounced "baloo"), repeated and repeated, in tones and to an air that, together, make their own poetry. Or one may listen to the almost as soft and lullaby-like sound of milk "kirning" into butter in a Shetland "kirn", the dairy being just against the one little stairs—steep as a ladder—and about the size of a small cupboard. The "kirn" is a highly specialised pail, three feet high, and narrowing from the mouth downwards, so that the circumference at the bottom hardly exceeds that of a breakfast plate. On each side, at the top, is a handle to lift it by, being a little upright, oval projection, cut out from the same block of wood, with

two holes bored in it for the fingers to go through. Such is the kirn; and for kirning the milk poured into it there is the long wooden "staff" or "kirning-staff", tapering finely from the head downwards, and having an ornamentally perforated disc, also of wood, at the end of it, which just fits the bottom of the pail. To work it, one has to keep lifting this disc to the top of the milk and ramming it down again, twisting the staff in one's hands as one does so, and in process of time the milk becomes butter, which is of the purest white. Very good butter it should be, if anything can be good now not made by some new scientific process; but one may miss the yellow taste of older days, and it looks nicest, perhaps, in its state of incipient metamorphosis, as it swirls and seethes about the kirning-staff. The sound then made by its spurting through the perforations of the "corsers"—which is the curious long-descended name for the wooden disc—is, as has been said, very soothing and pleasant; but sometimes, as one nods to it, sitting and musing on an old folding stool, curiously comfortable and of ampler size and make than is usual, the churning becomes more violent, the wash of the milk rises louder and still louder, till it seems at last to dash itself with fury against the imprisoning walls as does the sea upon rocks. The "susurrus" has passed into thunder; yet so muffled and sombrous is it, so unobtrusively does it mingle and then absorb, that it is more through the gradual insistence of reason than by any sudden awakening of the perceptive faculties one realises that it is the sea itself one is listening to. Psychometry may have something to do with it; for the stool referred to has come, by gift, from the skipper of a wrecked Norwegian vessel that, with difficulty, avoided the cliffs forming the voe's entrance before taking shelter in its comparatively quiet waters, where a landing in boats was found possible.

Had not the threatened disaster been thus averted, it would have been witnessed by crowds of spectators, and doubtless interested ones in their way, though they would have been of the bird and not the human kind; for the headland that juts forward blackly to meet the whole swell of the Atlantic is an accustomed gathering-place for both shags and gulls. The actual bare face of the precipice is tenanted by the latter, wherever any roughness of the surface makes it possible for one or more of them to stand. Such places are like little alcoves in the cliff, and, by lying more in shadow, show darker against it, making patches which the birds themselves often a good deal resemble. They, however, make darker patches, for their plumage, in spite of its sheeny hues, approaches to black, and they have their own shadows too. Often, indeed, when watching them through the glasses, it is difficult to distinguish shadow from substance, so that either one bird seems to be two, each closely imitative of the other, or else presents the still more bizarre appearance of being double-headed. Whilst numbers thus cling, as it were, to the sheer rock, others stand congregated together on the slope that rises steeply from its brow and grassy summit that crowns it. Here they will sometimes sit, or rather lie, as though incubating; but this position of superior ease, as one might think, is not very frequently adopted, perhaps because it is more specially associated with the nest and those nuptial activities of which the nest is an outcome. Beyond a quiet enjoyment of each other's society (as one may suppose) not much of feeling or emotion is to be detected at these reunions; but sometimes one bird will make a little run at another near him, and then at a second, or third even, driving them all a foot or two from their places, and as suddenly desisting, as though he thought it incumbent to assert himself a little, without any ulterior object; for it is but seldom that a place thus vacated is appropriated by the demonstrator, and when it is this seems more by chance than design. But if the feeling here suggested as a cause of these transient outbreaks be deemed too human a one for a bird, to what are we to attribute them? All rivalry of courtship has now long been

over, but it is possible that the mere presence of one bird near to another of the same sex may still sometimes, through association of ideas, call forth this deep-seated impulse, though but in a mild and evanescent degree; and to this, perhaps, such disturbals of an otherwise complete harmony are to be attributed.

But for this, the birds composing these little autumn assemblages stand, for the most part, either statuesquely still or else preen, more or less assiduously, the feathers of the throat and breast. Every now and again, however, one or another of them breaks out into a little passion of waving its wings, remaining with them then for a short while spread droopingly open before again folding them; whilst more rarely—once or twice only, perhaps, in a whole day's watching—a much more interesting activity may be witnessed, for even at this late season the parent shag has not quite ceased feeding its fledged and long since outflown young. Thus when one bird presses eagerly upon another, rubbing with its breast against the back of the latter, who retreats before it with an embarrassed or deprecating look, the explanation lies here, though the size and general appearance of the two is now so much alike that this is not at once obvious. The incident may not go beyond such request and refusal, or it may end—or rather be continued—in flight and pursuit; but should it proceed to its natural conclusion, the importuned bird will all at once, and with its back still turned to the demandant, twist its neck round and, opening its mouth (which does not now show the same brilliantly coloured interior that it did in the season of courtship), receive into it not only the beak, but the whole head, or even more, of its offspring, who with the greatest eagerness transfers all that it is thus enabled to get from the parental throat or crop to its own. The food thus obtained is, of course, fish, no doubt to some extent softened through partial digestion, though this is hardly to be determined by actual field observation. It is not often, probably, that a parent bird stands with its back to the young one whilst feeding it; but the long, flexible neck and spare upright figure of the species in question allow of this feat being performed with the greatest ease—indeed, grace (which is a matter of ease), though a little grotesquerie may mingle with the latter quality.

However rendered, an office of affection such as this is always pleasing to witness; but there is something in the towering and stupendous surroundings—the elemental accessories, so to speak—under which it here takes place that renders it doubly and trebly so. The scene is the actual frowning face of the precipice, against which the sea, with deep and sullen sound, ceaselessly heaves and dashes, producing such a turmoil as the eye almost shudders to look upon. Yet there are no waves rushing in as we know them—those long hills of green water, slowly curling over and cresting with spray, to break and fall with a crash; only a constant surge and swell, which, unchecked, seems but a half-slumbering energy, but, heaving at last upon that iron opposition, becomes a very inferno of tortured, tossing-and-tumbling-hell-broth-boiling foam. It is all foam there, along that raging line, that vexed-Bermoothean white girdle that thunders and spumes upon the rock-wall, sending out broad bands, and, from these, long streaks and filaments, flakes, patches, networks—the rendings of itself—to lie and heave on the green. Nothing but foam! Great heaps of it swell up, and then leap, as in rage, to so colossal and unexpected a height that the black battlements for a moment seem stormed, but, being met with the stern and sullen spirit of a jailer, fall back in cataracts that rage for a little in opposing currents—torn, as it were, with internecine strife—then, combining, rush along their sides, like Niagara rapids, seethe, boil up, and leap again. Sometimes a huge jutting promontory, advanced, like a claw, from the land's black foot, will disappear altogether—absolutely disappear—swallowed up for many moments in a whiteness beyond that of snow. Almost to the very grass-land above it, the sea, of its own effort, has triumphed, and now the wind seizes it and hurls it not over this

merely, but the heather-clad hill-tops beyond, in spray which passes first into mist and then smoke. Amidst all this vast and almost horrible commotion, and in such wet showers, our young shag is fed.

TRENCH FLOWERS.

DEAR Christ! these sweet wild flowers are tears of thine,

Wafers and wine-drops to thy memory:
A promise, to us men, of love divine
In this dread Iliad and dread Odyssey.

When dews of dawn the soaring lark do drench,
By trembling flowers in fearful no-man's-land,
When by the white lips of the bloody trench
I see these tokens of thy loving hand:

Ah, then I kiss them, with a rising tear,
Nor fear the many thunders of my hells;
For thy Still Voice above them all I hear:
"O God is Love! O God is Love!" it tells.

Dear Jesus! these sweet flowers are tears of thine
In choice remembrance of thy love divine.

WINDSOR FRY.
B.E.F.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ITALY AS A WORLD POWER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The influence of a clearly-defined Italian policy in the Near East may be said to have first made itself felt in the early years of the present reign. An agreement was concluded with Great Britain and France by which these two Powers agreed to leave Italy a free hand in Tripoli. As was to be expected, such an agreement scarcely contributed towards friendly feeling between Italy and Turkey, for the Turk was already aware of the then existing Italian sympathies for Greece, together with the persistent efforts of Italian statesmen to enlist the good will of the Southern Slavs by invariably pointing out that whatever might be the differences which existed between them, such were overshadowed by the common danger which threatened them from Vienna. The effects of this policy were far-reaching, and not the least important of its results was the improvement of Italian relations with Russia, thus completely annulling the consequences of the Treaty of Mürstegg, which Austria had previously concluded with the Muscovite Empire, to the detriment of Italian interests in the Balkans.

As was to be expected, the Italian attack on the remnant of Turkish rule in Africa modified the relations of the Great Powers towards one another; of the hostile attitude of Austria there was never any doubt, whilst the Berlin Government found itself in a particularly strange situation owing to its alliance with the invader and the attitude which William II. had on divers occasions seen fit to adopt as the protector of the Turk, whilst some of his ablest military officers were engaged in imparting their knowledge to the warriors of Islam. Despite the Mediterranean agreements with Great Britain and France, and the scrupulously neutral attitude of their respective Governments, the representatives of "haute finance" did not disguise their anti-Italian feeling. Russia alone brought pressure to bear on the Government of the Sublime Porte to yield to the superior advantages of the Italians. With the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne, and the outbreak of the Balkan War, Italian policy in the Near East was subject to further variations. The prolonged occupation of the Ægean Islands by the Italian troops had irritated the Greeks

d, in spray
e. Amidst
on, and in

s are tears

drench,
s-land,
ch

ells.

f thine

FRV.
F.

w.

in policy
st made
gn. An
ain and
to leave
pected,
towards
he Turk
in sym-
t efforts
of the
t what-
between
danger
ects of
ast im-
Italian
ng the
which
scovite
in the

on the
e rela-
ner; of
er any
lf in a
ce with
had on
ctor of
officers
to the
agreed-
the
govern-
id not
alone
of the
ges of
ty of
War,
urther
Egean
Greeks

against Italy, and such irritation was further increased at the close of a successful struggle against Turkey. Further, the combined aspirations of that country, Serbia, and Montenegro, which culminated in the occupation of the several zones which each coveted along the Adriatic, served to increase the existing tension between Italy and Austria. For these two States by virtue of the Treaty of Monza, generally known as the "Noli me tangere" pact, on account of its being a mutual agreement between both Powers, pledged themselves to maintain the status quo in Albania, and, in the event of the same lapsing, to join together in proclaiming an autonomous Albanian State. Incidentally, that same pact was further ratified by the representatives of the two Powers at Abbazia. Accordingly after the deliberations of the Great Powers in London, the three Balkan States were advised to withdraw their troops, Albanian autonomy was proclaimed, the northern portion of the new State was recognised as an Austrian sphere of influence, whilst Italy held a similar position in regard to the south. Italian statesmen indeed had not much reason to be dissatisfied with the results obtained: the Italian sphere of influence was strategically favourable to Italy, whilst by the energetic attitude adopted towards the Greek occupation of Valona the Rome Government had shown the Powers the extent to which she was prepared to go in order to maintain her position in the Adriatic—indeed, the concert of Europe, in order to avoid further trouble, saw no alternative save in agreement with the policy of Rome.

Meanwhile, to the great surprise of many people, Italy had seen fit to renew the Triple Alliance, by which she was leagued to the Central Empires, and the renewal was even an accomplished fact before the lapse of the treaty. Whatever may have been the main reason for such there can be no doubt that Italy felt herself to be passing through a period of transition, whilst there may have been a lurking fear of further surprises on the part of the newly formed Balkan States, possibly affecting the question of Asia Minor. Be this as it may, within an incredibly short time from the signature of the Treaty of Lausanne she had re-established friendly relations with the Porte, and from Rhodes had sprung to the mainland of Adalia, where she had succeeded in obtaining important commercial facilities and concessions for the building of railways.

The result of Italian policy in the Near East seems indeed to have met with timely success, for soon after Italy had set foot in Asia Minor the outbreak of the European war marked the close of the political epoch, and Italian statesmen were suddenly called upon to solve problems regarding the destinies of the kingdom the gravity of which is better realised the further time recedes.

After a successful issue to the struggle which, with indomitable energy, Italy is waging in common with Great Britain, France, and Russia, she will naturally present herself at the congress of the nations with a clear and well-defined right to be heard on all matters which may form the subject of deliberation. And since the remodelling, not only of the map of Europe (in which her claims to the Trentino, Trieste, and in Dalmatia are acknowledged) but of the world, will be the main object of such an assembly, it is not inopportune to examine these claims which, indeed, will be found to be exceedingly modest.

With regard to the African continent, Italy has felt the necessity for rectification of the frontiers of Libya in agreement with the interested Powers of Great Britain and France, and in such wise as to enable her to develop her north African Empire to the utmost.

With the amalgamation of such German colonies as the Allies may deem fit to retain it is difficult to see why Italian aspirations should meet with opposition, for the economic concessions granted by the Ottoman Government to the various Powers in the past should form no hindrance to agreements, since these same Powers are now allies and not rivals as formerly; nor

should they ever be unmindful that the Central Empires will always be watchful for the slightest sign of discord in order to draw profit therefrom, set the Allies at loggerheads, and possibly turn the situation to their own advantage.

Yours, etc.,

EDUARDO P. GINISTRELLI.

MAJOR W. REDMOND ON THE IRISH DIVISION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
Chelsea.

19 October 1916.

SIR,—Major Wm. Redmond's letter on the fighting qualities of the 16th (Irish) Division is most inspiring, and his well-merited praise of his gallant countrymen who have fought and bled so heroically in the service of the Empire will find a deep echo in the heart of every patriotic citizen, male and female. As George Meredith wrote in "Diana of the Crossways", "'Tis Ireland gives England her soldiers, her generals too". Lord Roberts, Lord Wolseley, and that preux chevalier, Sir George White, the Goughs, and many other generals of renown hailed from the Emerald Island, which is so dear to us, but at times so troublesome! Still, in spite of Ireland's grievances, real and imaginary, and of the existence in America of millions of men and women of Irish origin, who hate Great Britain with an even more deadly hatred than German-Americans themselves—the sons of Erin are always ready to take their place in war side by side with their fellow subjects of the Empire. To describe the Irish as disloyal is to utter a scandalous injustice; we have only to consider how they withstood the temptations of the arch traitor, Roger Casement, when he tried to suborn the Irish prisoners of war in Germany. That degenerate Irishman little knew his own countrymen, when, to aid our most deadly foes, he offered them, on behalf of the German Government, freedom and distinction as an Irish Brigade of the German Army; and because they would not accept they were treated worse than ever by the brutal Huns.

Not only the bravery but the conduct of the Irish Division has been most conspicuous and exemplary. Nothing Major W. Redmond writes could be more marked than the friendship and camaraderie between all the Irish, Nationalists and Ulstermen; and surely this close feeling of brotherhood which has been cemented with the blood that Ireland has shed for the sake of the Empire and to aid in defeating the hellish yoke that Germany sought to impose on the world, is not going to be shattered after the war—Ireland must remain one united country, the bonds of north, south, east and west are insoluble, and must not be broken, even as a temporary measure. *Home Rule*, with which an Ireland, united and in accord, might safely be trusted, could never, without that accord, safely be granted, as recent disastrous events, due almost entirely to the abrogation of the Arms Act, followed by poor, well-meaning Mr. Birrell's system of non-government and *laissez aller*, have but too clearly shown. It is hoped ardently that at this most critical epoch of our Empire, when everyone's energy should be absorbed in the terrible task of crushing the Hun, Mr. John Redmond will not persevere with his controversy as to the misgovernment of Ireland, though this has been undoubted, and has led to "recent unhappy events." It is to be hoped that all political controversial matters will be postponed to the end of the war. What the Empire now needs is unity in order to trample under foot the enemy, and it would be a miserable exhibition, and acknowledgment of weakness, if any political questions were allowed to arise and disturb that unity, which alone can give us our full strength in the evil day.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

A HENRY JAMES MEMORIAL IN CHELSEA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

160, Elm Park Mansions, Chelsea, S.W.

SIR,—It has been decided to commemorate the residence and death in Chelsea of Henry James. By so doing a permanent mark of his maintenance of the continuity of the literary tradition in Chelsea will be made, and his sympathetic attitude towards England and the Allies in the war, as shown by his naturalisation as a British citizen, acknowledged.

The memorial will consist of a bronze portrait bust of Henry James, executed from life in 1914 by Lieutenant F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., and a complete collection of the best editions of the works of Henry James.

These will be placed in the reference library of the Chelsea Public Library, which is already rich in memorials of past dwellers of distinction in the old riverside borough.

Subscriptions, however small, from Chelsea people only are invited.

Postal orders and cheques should be made payable to the "Henry James Chelsea Memorial" at the London County and Westminster Bank, King's Road, Chelsea, Branch, or sent to the honorary secretary of the large and representative committee formed to carry out the memorial, of which the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P., is chairman.

Yours, etc.,

REGINALD BLUNT,

ALBERT GRAY, C.B., K.C.,

W. R. LE FANU,

T. MARTIN WOOD,

Executive Committee.

KINETON PARKES,

Honorary Secretary.

PEPYS AND HIS IMITATOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I read and reviewed with pleasure "A Diary of the Great War" by the ingenious imitator of Mr. Samuel Pepys. I am glad that he has had what we moderns call a "good press". But he is, perhaps, overdoing the naïveté of his great exemplar when he misquotes a criticism. The SATURDAY REVIEW said on 9 September that the book was "the only notable thing of the kind we have seen concerning the effects of the war at home". On 4 October (see "Truth" for 11 October) Mr. Pepys Junior writes of his book that "many do extol it beyond everything, as, among others, the SATURDAY REVIEW, saying that it do stand alone for a faithful chronicle of the times."

The two statements are not identical. It would not become me to say which is the more accurate. I have observed that the memory of an author naturally, and perhaps unconsciously, improves such tributes. This is understood in conversation, but when it comes to print, and you have press cuttings at hand, it is as well to be accurate. I say "as well", because I do not think the instances I could mention to the contrary, with the suspicions they engender, would be approved by the mature judgment of Mr. Pepys Junior.

Yours sincerely,

YOUR REVIEWER.

OYSTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Briars,

Northwick Park, Harrow,

16 October 1916.

SIR,—I would like to add details to Mr. Rendall's article on oysters, concerning the London street-boys' appeal: "Remember the grotto" (which, however, always had the prefix "Please"). The boys really built grottoes on the street-kerbs. They were about a foot high, of oyster-shells, hollow, of the cairn or bee-hive form, the openings showing the interior lit up by a candle; and it is easy to see, now Mr. Rendall mentions St. James's Day, that these were debased memories of the saint's shrine. In my recollection, though, the date for these small shows was 4 August, not 24 July.

It is a little on the other side of things to remind you of the answer to the riddle, Which is the greatest anomaly in existence? The answer is: An oyster.

"For it has a beard without a chin,
And you take it out to tuck it in."

I hope I may not be punished for this by ostracism. That would be austere.

Yours faithfully,

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 October 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Lex" (in your issue of the 14th inst.) deduces from references to certain carefully-selected statutes the somewhat threadbare conclusion that the Church in England is separated from the rest of Christendom, being really an established form of "Lutheran-Calvinistic doctrine", "which" (writes your correspondent) "prevailed till the latter half of the nineteenth century".

I presume the object of your correspondent's argument is to prove that there is no continuity between the Church in England to-day and the Church, shall we say, of the period of the first Prayer Book of Edward VI.; or, to go farther back still, of the time of Anselm, Bede, or Augustine.

A church which promulgates such a document as the Preface to the Ordinal can hardly be truthfully alleged to have broken with the Catholic doctrine of the Apostolic Ministry, seeing that she definitely states that her intention is that "these Orders may be continued, and reverently used and esteemed in the Church of England".

Furthermore, by the clearest implication in the Preface to the Prayer Book of 1661, she refers to herself as only part of a whole, and that whole the "Catholic Church of Christ".

Prefaces are notoriously generally skipped, and those prefixed to the Book of Common Prayer and the Ordinal are apparently no exception to a very unfortunate rule. But (unless by continuity is meant acceptance of Papal claims, which were as entirely repudiated by the primitive saints as by ourselves), the more the continuity of the Church of England is examined, the more it is proved to be an historical fact.

Yours, etc.,

J. D.

P.S.—Mr. Asquith admitted the continuity of the Church in a speech on Welsh Disestablishment many years ago.

REPENTANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Grange, near Rotherham.

SIR,—I desire to contend that "The National Mission of Repentance and Hope" is ill-timed and misplaced. Repentance means looking back, and this is not the time for looking back, but for concentrating our gaze on the present and on the future. A morbid exaggeration of the misdeeds of one's past life is one of the chief symptoms of the disease melancholia, a spiritual type of which is now, not unnaturally, prevalent. And this is not the time for the passive attitude of Hope, but for the active attitude of Foresight and Preparation. The physician, when he is fighting disease, says: "An abdominal section, a venesection, a trephining must be performed at once. Strychnine injections given every few hours, icebags applied to the head or chest, hot bottles to the feet", or as the case may be. It is only when he can do no more that he says: "We must hope for the best", meaning that we must prepare for the worst. In the same way the Intercession services have been a mistake. We believe that we have right on our side, and that it is the enemy who have need of intercession. To send men into the fight with the belief that they ought to be ashamed of themselves is the best way to make them lose it. It is most unfortunate that, when anything has been proposed for the more effective carrying on of the war, the

bishops have gone out of their way to oppose it—as in the cases of the retaliatory use of gas and aircraft bombs. Upon what view of Christianity this has been done is difficult to see. For, if Our Lord made scourges to drive people out of the Temple for changing money and selling doves there, it is easy to infer what methods He would adopt to drive out people who had been guilty of the deeds of which the Germans have been guilty.

Your obedient servant,
GILBERT E. MOULD.

THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 September 1916.

SIR,—The letter by "H. M." regarding the misplacement of the stigmata of the Crucifixion in the representations of Christ recalls to my mind a similar discussion I had some years ago in the "Birmingham Post" regarding the beard of Christ. At that time I had bought a black-letter edition of the quaint "Letters of a Turkish Spy", written at the Court of Paris, which, incidentally, inspired Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch with the plot for a weird short story. In one of the volumes I found a description of Christ's person, as related by a Roman who saw Him in the reign of the Emperor Tiberius. In this He was depicted with hair like wheat, a ruddy complexion, and a beard, which he wore parted in the middle. This suggested to me that Christ wore His beard cloven like that wherewith Moses and other patriarchs are generally pictured, and I thence surmised that the popular idea of Christ in art with the rounded or pointed beard was wrong. My remarks led to a debate with Mr. W. J. Chambers, who possessed a photograph of the only known authentic portrait of Christ, taken from an engraved emerald from the time of Tiberius, and at present in the Vatican. It ended by Mr. Chambers sending the photograph to me for my acceptance, but his point was not proved even by this disarming act, as the portrait was practically in profile.

But these points are all more or less the quibblings of the scholars, and art must ever run as the yoke-fellow of inspirational imagination. There are a thousand and one similar conjectures. I even remember a discussion regarding the colour of the eyes of Bonnie Prince Charlie! They say that Helen of Troy was sixty when she reached the Court of Priam, which beats our modern novelists with their blushless heroines of forty-five; that Samson merely slid the movable pillars off their sockets at Gaza; that the stature of Goliath is exaggerated according to our measurements; that Cleopatra never melted her pearl in wine. Also, Cleopatra always dressed in Greek attire, as Egypt never loved her over-much, and her death by asp-bite is no sure fact. I have an encyclopædia which states that her "death was uncertain", and in Sir Rider Haggard's novel bearing her regal name she dies of a cup of poison. Some say she had red hair. Similarly, Sappho, according to the Thebaid, was a small, brown-haired woman, and not the Greek Diana of art. That Dante wore a beard was proved to me by Rossetti's "Dante at Verona", in which he quotes a quip concerning Dante, as related by his contemporary, the inimitable Boccaccio, how the women of Verona used to run to the doors when Dante passed, saying, "Look, there is the man who goes to heaven and hell at will. See, how its fumes have bronzed his cheek and seared his beard!"

There is also that quaint mistake in the famous bust of Clytie rising from the heart of a sunflower. Our sunflower was only brought over to Europe from America by Cortez and the Spaniards, whereas the Greek sunflower was heliotrope (helios and trope—I turn to the sun). Ovid, in his "Metamorphoses", confirms this idea when he poetically sings of the transformation of the unhappy Clytie into a small violet flower. The sunflower of our own gardens figured in the rituals of the Mexican priesthood, but was certainly unknown to the ancient Greeks.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
REGINA MIRIAM BLOCH.

THE CHURCH IN WALES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 October 1916.

SIR,—Would it be possible to organise a protest against taking over the revenues of the Church in Wales on the day that peace is achieved?

Surely the consciences of many might be roused to the folly of asking the blessing and help of God on our efforts to bring this terrible war to a conclusion, and of making peace coincide with depriving His Church of the means of support in so many poor parishes!

Cannot something be done to wake up the nation to realise this great wrong that must hinder our efforts for peace?

Yours, etc.,
JUSTICE.

"ROYALIST."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 October 1916.

SIR,—With all due respect to Mr. Ernest Dimnet, England was very Royalist before the war-grousing Royalist. When Queen Victoria died, when King Edward's Coronation was postponed, when King Edward died, and, not so long after the war started, when King George met with an accident in France, England showed that she was Royalist by her personal affection for her Sovereign. Loyalty—a more or less cold sense of duty to the Sovereign—does not describe the state of our hearts at each of these times—at the former three quite as much as at the latter.

Yours faithfully,
DRAMATIST.

THE WORD "MANICURE".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ottawa,

30 September 1916.

SIR,—A letter appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW a short time ago objecting to the word "manicure", which the writer thinks ought to be spelt "manucure". To my mind, the objection is a very trifling one. The Romans themselves made "i" the connecting vowel in such compounds as "manipulus" and "manifestus", as also in the derivative "manicae", and dispensed with any connecting vowel in "mansuetus" and kindred words. The same objection precisely applies to the word "fructify" as to "manicure". We have "manacle" and not "manucle", and "article" (diminutive of "artus") and not "artucle". "Manicure" is at least more euphonious than "manucure", and I should rather be responsible for it than for the last sentence of your correspondent's letter, which reads: "The first machines were called 'taxamètres', but were promptly withdrawn and replaced by 'taximètres.'" Too bad that the machines themselves had to be withdrawn on account of somebody's blunder in spelling!

Yours very truly,
W. D. LE SUEUR.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND FADDISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Birkdale,

9 October 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent "L. H." calls teetotalers "cranks", and then proceeds to run them down as if they were useless and troublesome folk. I suppose a crank is one of the most important parts of a machine, and, like the teetotaler, it is difficult to do without.

I wonder if "L. H." takes an important part in social and philanthropic work, such as the amusing and entertaining of juveniles and adults of the poorer classes, whose homes and lives require brightening; does he assist in organising popular concerts; does he help to organise boy scout troops or visit such and show interest in British lads; does he assist at lads' clubs; does he visit the drunkard

and try to reclaim him, or does he pass by on the other side and say such men cannot take alcohol in moderation and are fools, and it is not his business to interfere with such? Does he assist in some good work, such as Sunday school teaching or amusing the inmates of cripple homes or homes for the blind; or does he feel that such work is for the parson?

If he assists in most of these useful organisations, then he is worthy of being listened to, but I have found, after forty-five years of social and philanthropic work, that moderate drinkers generally leave such work to the teetotalers; occasionally they give a subscription, but they spend much of their spare time in their own pleasures, such as bridge, motoring, and the like.

Men well able to form opinions have declared that 75 per cent. of the social, philanthropic, and religious work is done by abstainers. The great Salvation Army and the Church Army work are carried on entirely by teetotalers; the bulk of boy scouts and scout masters and organisers of lads' clubs are abstainers; all the City missionaries and the bulk of the ladies and gentlemen who come in from the suburbs to do work in the poorer districts of large towns are abstainers. Nearly every church and chapel in the British Islands has bands of hope or temperance societies, so that if there be 80,000 places of worship, with an average of forty abstainers, we get some millions in all. Surely it is no wonder, then, that with such vast numbers public opinion, as regards drunkenness, has changed, and that the habits of the people are altered for the better.

It is well known that some fifty to sixty thousands of men and women are hurried into untimely graves through intemperance every year. All these have got immortal souls. Does your correspondent leave such people alone, and does he take any interest in hundreds of thousands of drunkards' children, who, in many cases, are ill clad, ill fed, and often ill-treated? "L. H." should know that for months after the war started our brave lads in the trenches cried aloud for "Shells, shells". Their cries compelled the Government to inquire at the munition factories if they were turning out all possible. The statement of Mr. Laird, of Cammell, Laird and Co., Ltd., in open court in Liverpool (see "Liverpool Express", 18 September 1914) was that in "five months we have lost one and a half millions of hours, equal to three weeks' full work of 30,000 men, and nearly as much time as would build a Dreadnought". The losses were nearly all caused by a certain section of the men drinking from Saturday till Tuesday or Wednesday. With such information the Government appointed a Board of Control with full powers, and this Board soon took drastic action.

I wonder if "L. H." considered the late Earl Roberts, who saw through Germany's preparation for war before anyone else, and who established in India temperance societies in the Army which in a few years numbered 30,000 members. The generals who followed Lord Roberts not only approved of the temperance societies but worked hard to keep them going. I wonder if "L. H." considers Earl Roberts unworthy of showing an example. Our King and Lord Kitchener also promised to become teetotalers while the war lasted. I wonder if "L. H." considers this was done for a bit of fun or for the benefit of the nation. And, then, what about Russia giving up her national drink, vodka, and France absinthe? I believe that ten years ago the inhabitants of these countries would have considered that it was impossible to live and work hard without these drinks, but the abstainers of this country showed splendid examples and so gave these Governments (France and Russia) confidence to abolish these strong drinks.

My experience has been that when a member of any family gives way to intemperance it is the teetotal friend that is generally sent for to try to induce him to give up the drink and become an abstainer. In such cases moderation is seldom of practical use.

Yours, etc.,

T. KYLE DAWSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 October 1916.

SIR,—It seems quite impossible for people to say anything on the temperance question temperately. There should be no reason for "pity" or "hate" because different views are held on the taking of alcohol.

Your correspondent says "beer and alcohol only provoke thirst". I think this cannot be so, as when I used to drink beer for lunch and dinner, I certainly drank neither water nor milk, save in my tea for breakfast.

I also remember the case of an iron puddler, who gave up taking water, by doctor's orders, in favour of beer, of which he found less than half the quantity was sufficient.

As to our "ruining our health and our mental clearness", I again differ; for I know a lady who has taken two or three glasses of light sherry since she was a girl: she is now over ninety, plays an excellent game of whist, and suffers from no mental incapacity whatever.

I well remember a total abstainer asking me if I was aware that every glass of wine this lady took was poison? I had to confess my ignorance of this alarming information, and could only say that she was doing very well on it.

I have now neither "drank beer nor alcohol" (there appears to be some distinction, which is unknown to me) for many years; but I cannot say that my health is better, or that my thirst is more readily satisfied, than when I took both in moderation.

Yours truly,

MODERATE DRINKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—"Abstainer" says milk is "Nature's thirst quencher". Why Nature's? Did the Piltown man drink milk after he was once weaned? Who can tell when prehistoric man discovered how to milk a cow, a goat, or an ass, or whether or no he had first discovered that the fermented juice of the grape was pleasant to the palate? A vine is as much a natural product as a cow.

I am, yours,

A WINE-BIBBER.

INSTINCT OR INTELLECT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Winans, in his letter on this subject, says: "An animal, like a savage, observes its surroundings when moving about and stores them up in its memory for future use, etc."

But in the case described by "M. W.", of the cat that found her way from Huddersfield to Manchester and singled out the house of her friends amid the maze of streets of similar houses, this explanation would not apply, as she had never seen the country before. It seems to be in such cases, of which there are many similar ones on record of cats and other animals, some esoteric affinity which draws, impels, and guides with unerring certainty. "In the world of spirits, thought is presence", says Swedenborg. This extraordinary infallibility in animals of finding those they love, regardless of distance, seems related to the power of thought on the discarnate plane to transcend all distance. Some years ago an article appeared in one of the leading reviews in which the writer claimed that animals have access to all knowledge; and some of the conscious phenomena displayed even by insects strongly support the claim. M. Renan speaks of "That mystery of life in which we find consciousness emerging from the abyss as the predestined golden branch".

Some eminent man, whose name I forget, when pestered by a lady he was taking down to dinner to define instinct as distinct from intellect, replied that "he had never been inside a dog's head".

That eminent physiologist and most able exponent of phrenology, Mr. George Combe, says: "Instinct is not a special function; it is the name given to a certain mode of action common to a variety of parts of the brain. It has no organ proper to itself. An instinctive action is one

1916.
y anything
should be
ent views

y provoke
d to drink
her water

o gave up
t of which
t.

arness",
n two or
l: she is
hist, and

if I was
poison?
informa-
ell on it.

" (there
to me)
s better,
n I took

NKER.

thirst
n drink
en pre-
or an
at the
oalate?

BER.

says:
when
future

that

ngled

ts of

e had

such

d of

aws,

world

This

they

er of

nce.

ding

have

eno-

im.

we

des-

red

inct

een

of

t a

ode

It

ne

which takes place from excitement of a particular organ of the brain, without volition and without a reasoning process. The young chick pecks its food from the ground immediately after its escape from the shell. The portion of the brain which feels hunger is probably then in a state of centric action, etc. It is an error to limit instinct to the lower animals and to describe man as purely a rational being. As already observed, the human faculties have all an instinctive mode and sphere of action; and the difference between man and the higher mammalia appears to be the following: Man seems to possess some cerebral organs not found in the lower animals, although it is difficult to determine precisely which these are", etc. Again: "The instinctive action of the organs is one element in genius—one which has been observed, but little understood. Raphael, Titian, Thorwaldsen, and Canova, had each a peculiar characteristic tact or instinctive power about them, which reason extended, aided, and directed, but did not communicate; and which reason never can give to other men differently organised from them."

The difference in the degree of intelligence in animals of the same species is very great, and, as in man, varies with conditions of health. Some cats can hardly find their way home in their immediate neighbourhood. Dr. Spurzheim mentions a pointer which, when kept out of a place near the fire by the other dogs of the family, used to go into the yard and bark. All immediately came and did the same; meanwhile he ran in and secured the best place. Though his companions were often deceived, none of them ever imitated his stratagem.

When we so seriously and constantly misunderstand each other, is it surprising that we understand so imperfectly the capacities and actions of "These Strange People", as a writer has called the sub-human animals? When Cardinal Newman said: "We know more about angels than animals", he meant that man is more akin to the divine than the animal.

Yours truly,
MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Zaria, Nigeria,

20 September 1916.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Robertson, in your issue of 19 August, prompts me to send the account of two incidents in my own experience. I should not do so, but the fact that you printed Mr. Robertson's letter proves that you think such incidents are of interest to your readers.

At Ngumbalowe, some three years ago, I saw a native milkmaid, evidently new to her work, milking a bush cow from the off-side of the animal, which, unused to such procedure, was obviously uncomfortable. I hastened up, told the maid to desist, and myself milked the animal from the near-side. Rather hot with my efforts, I removed my topee to wipe my brow and to fan away the flies. Judge of my astonishment when the grateful beast neatly caught up my topee on her near horn and at the same moment waved its tail twice or thrice across my face. I had the curiosity to seek the owner and relate the story to him, asking him if the animal had been taught to be thus polite. His reply was: "Kai maikariachi" ("I do not think so").

The other incident occurred last October, on the mail steamer "Abinchi", and its truth is vouched for by Mr. Richards, one of the ship's stewards. He found that a lump of sugar which had been placed between the wires of the cage of the ship's parrot had fallen to the ground. He replaced it, calling, at the same time, "Show a leg, Polly." To his surprise, the bird not only replied, "Pretty Dick", but also got down from its perch and pushed a leg through the side of the cage. The little creature must have reasoned that somehow human beings liked pulling legs, and desired to give pleasure at getting its wish for the return of the sugar complied with.

I am, Sir, etc.,
GEORGE W. FLOW.

REVIEWS.

A GREAT IMPERIALIST.

"The Life and Letters of the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart." Edited by E. M. Saunders, D.D. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden. Two volumes. Cassell. 25s. net.

IT is to be hoped that an abbreviated edition of these excellent volumes will be published as a popular handbook. One of the greatest difficulties in Imperial affairs is to bring the British electorate into sympathetic touch with the political history of Greater Britain, and we fear that six hundred pages on Sir Charles Tupper will be read only by those who are professed students.

Many of the most valuable pages were written by Sir Charles. Those on his early life came from his pen, for instance, and they could not well be bettered. He studied medicine partly in Canada, at Amherst and Windsor, N.S., and partly in Scotland, at Edinburgh University, where he won the lasting friendship of Professor James Young Simpson. In 1843 he passed his final examinations, and soon his time was divided between Canadian patients and Canadian politics. His practice as a medical man went on for twelve years; then the affairs of Nova Scotia drew him into another profession. It was in 1855, at the age of thirty-four, that Dr. Tupper entered the Legislature of his native province; a year later he became the virtual leader of the Conservatives, and in 1858, as Provincial Secretary of Nova Scotia, he made his first official visit to England.

When he called on Sir James Young Simpson, then renowned for his discovery of chloroform, Dr. Tupper found that his change of profession was regretted by his master, who expected him to take a high position in the medical world. There was much in Tupper's character that resembled the qualities of Huxley, and photographs show that their faces also, when matured by thought and age, had a kindred structure and expression. It seems probable that Tupper would have developed like Huxley had he given his whole life to the same studies, and that Huxley would have been of a piece with Tupper if the ruling passions of his career had been Canada and the Empire. They had the same motto: "Buy the truth and sell it not"; their courage was equally tenacious, their vision equally penetrating, and defeat was nothing more to them than the vestibule of success.

But these men of science took different ideals from their environments. Huxley scorned politics, and explained why at a dinner given by the Royal Society. He had never wished to sit in Parliament, nor to enter on a political career, because he had been governed by a passion for the discovery of truth and not for its obscuration. Tupper learnt from bitter experience that truth-telling in political life is apt to raise fierce opposition; but he accepted this great hindrance as a fortress to be breached and stormed. Foresight and imagination put him at odds with ordinary men, who wished him merely to hang on to the vicissitudes of local events. Instead, he beheld in current needs so many signs of nascent growth that he desired to carry into action a far-seeing statesmanship that would make ample provision for the larger life of the future. His foresight showed itself at first in railway schemes, in educational reforms, and in the union of the three Maritime Provinces: Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Railways were to this young statesman what roads and bridges were to the Romans—essential highways of success; and perhaps he may have envied at times the compulsory labour that Rome employed in her road-making. It was not till 1882, his sixty-first year, that Tupper was able to initiate the proposals for building the Canadian Pacific Railway. "Many men of remarkable ability and vision contributed to the achievement of that great enterprise", says Sir Robert Borden. "To none is due a greater meed of praise than to Tupper. For many years his prophecies of enormous development and production

in the western territories of Canada were derided, and he was subjected to attack of a bitterness unequalled even in those days of fierce controversy. Happily for him, and fortunately for his country, he lived to see every prophecy more than doubly fulfilled."

But, then, Sir Charles Tupper lived to a rare old age. Born in 1821, the year of Napoleon's death, he followed the present war through fifteen months, dying on 30 October 1915. Though he retired from public life in 1900, he could not free himself from statesmanship; his days were given to constructive thought, especially concerning Tariff Reform and Imperial Federation; and he wrote articles on the national evolution of Canada, on the unity and defence of Greater Britain, and on other great subjects. His vitality was marvellous. Between 1900 and 1908 he and his family crossed the Atlantic sixteen times. In the later years he settled in England at Bexley Heath, where Lady Tupper died in 1912, at the age of eighty-six.

Sir Robert Borden relates that he saw Sir Charles Tupper for the last time in August of last year. Physically the grand old man was very weak, but the burden of ninety-five years rested lightly on his mind and spirit. None recognised more clearly than he the greatness of the Allies' duty, and he watched with passionate interest every phase of the war, and spoke of the consolidation of our Empire as an accomplished fact.

The chapter on Preferential Trade and Imperial Federation has abiding interest. Writing to the Marquis of Lorne on 22 December 1893, Sir Charles said that the first important step in Imperial Federation was taken when self-government was granted to the Colonies. The next step was the confederation of Canada, and the next, in his opinion, would be the federation of Australia and of South Africa, which could not be far distant, he hoped. "Parliamentary Federation of the Empire being impracticable", he went on, "we must rest upon diplomatic means of drawing the governments of the parent State and those of the three great outlying portions of the Empire into closer and more united action". This letter should be compared with later statements, and particularly with an article written in 1909 and published in the "Nineteenth Century and After".

For the rest, it is a pleasure to note the skill with which Dr. Saunders has chosen and arranged his materials, giving variety to the chapters and doing justice to the distinguished men who corresponded with Sir Charles Tupper. A great many letters are given verbatim, and we find that those by Sir Charles have the greatest energy and the surest grip. In all that he writes there is a keen and close observation similar to that which artists and naturalists develop into a habit. He thinks always with zest and in firm statements, never flurried by the pressure of business, and never allowing himself to be enmeshed in the routine phrases of diplomatic evasion. Crispness, clearness, virility, are the characteristics of his style and of all his work; and Tupper was not afraid of these soldierly qualities even in moments of political crisis. When the Behring Sea question was at its worst, for instance, Tupper, speaking as High Commissioner to Sir Thomas Sanderson, Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, saved the British Government from a serious indiscretion. United States cruisers had been sent to the Pacific coast with instructions to capture any Canadian sealers found in the Behring Sea, and the British Government had decided not to take strong measures lest the affair should end in war. Thus to yield at the wrong moment and in the wrong way was a danger that Tupper declined to face. The United States had agreed that the Behring Sea question should be left to an international arbitration and that no seizure of ships should be made in the interim; hence the new turn of affairs needed firmness from our Foreign Office. "As matters now stand", said Tupper, "if the United States should be permitted to seize a Canadian vessel, it will be felt the time has already come when the British flag is not sufficient to protect our rights".

"This protest had its effect", says Dr. Saunders, "for instructions were cabled to Sir Julian Pauncefote to warn the United States Government that any seizure of Canadian vessels might lead to serious consequences. Within an hour after the reception of this message by Mr. Blaine, the swiftest steamers on the Pacific coast were engaged to follow the cruisers with orders to recall their instructions. . . ."

MR. HARDY'S MUSE.

"Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy." Golden Treasury Series. Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.

PEOPLE have been heard to repeat that it is a pity Mr. Hardy "still goes on writing", whilst others repeat that it is a pity Mr. Hardy tries to write poetry, for prose is his metier. It is useless arguing with those who hold and advance firm prejudices of the sort. They will not understand what fine poetry is, and will not distinguish genius, the rarest thing, from talent, one of the commonest things on earth to-day. People who hold either of these firm prejudices, or both, need not trouble to cut the pages of this little Golden Treasury, stored with Mr. Hardy's magical lines, for it will leave them exactly where it found them. Mr. Hardy does not improve on acquaintance for those who cannot make his real acquaintance. Yet to the minority of readers who value verse, and recognise that, since the passing of Browning, Tennyson, and Swinburne, the authentic note of the great poet, of creative genius, would have been absent from our literature but for Hardy, may well add this book, even to a jealous and exclusive shelf where dwell the Muses. We by no means know the whole body of his poetry—though what we do know we have read often—and the lines on Shelley's skylark, for example, were new to us. Moreover, we did not know, or, having once known, had forgot, that the lark which breathed into Shelley the lyric divine sang over fields not of England but of Italy. Mr. Hardy's lines on that blithe spirit are addressed and dated: "The neighbourhood of Leghorn: March 1887": in a Golden Treasury of Hardy and the later nineteenth-century poets they might nicely be set next Browning's lines on the moulted eagle's feather and Shelley—

"And did you once see Shelley plain?"

They are exquisite, though we are far from confident we should have recognised in them the particular tone of Mr. Hardy had we lit upon them in some anonymous collection of verses.

This small, choice book is divided into three parts—namely, Poems, Chiefly Lyrical; Poems, Narrative and Reflective; War Poems, and Lyrics from "The Dynasts". In this last we meet again with the twelve small lines entitled "In Time of 'The Breaking of Nations'", which the post brought one day not so long ago, as a happy surprise, to the office of this REVIEW, wherein they were first printed:

"Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die".

The smallest of lines, light as the down on the breast of a swallow, but of what quality to endure! Acquaintance with great and grave poetry like this warms into friendship, and this form of friendship can last through life.

There are various things in this slender, charming volume that we are pleased to have again; and, of the poems new to us, we especially like "The Darkling Thrush" (1900), the last few lines of which appear to be impregnated with the spirit of Wordsworth; but the chief treasure of it is held in the series of lines dated between December 1912 to March 1913 relating to Beeny Cliff—"The Going", "I Found Her Out There", "Without Ceremony", "The Voice", "A

Saunders,
Pouncefoot
that any
rious con-
on of this
ers on the
isers with

Dream or No", "After a Journey", "Beeny Cliff: March 1870—March 1913", "At Castle Boterel", and "The Phantom Horsewoman". The set appeared in quite a recent volume of Mr. Hardy's verse, and it has rightly been here reprinted. It forms a poignant and gravely beautiful sequence, and about it there is a certain *time-sense* which we do not know where we shall seek and find in such weight outside Shakespeare. We cannot forbear quoting Beeny Cliff, even for our own satisfaction: the gold here glisters, which is rare in Mr. Hardy:

I.

"O the opal and the sapphire of that wandering western sea,
And the woman riding high above, with bright hair flapping free—
The woman whom I loved so, and who loyally loved me.

II.

"The pale mews plained below us, and the waves seemed far away
In a nether sky, engrossed in saying their ceaseless babbling say,
And we laughed light-heartedly aloft on that clear-sunned March day.

III.

"A little cloud then cloaked us, and there flew an irised rain,
And the Atlantic dyed its levels with a dull mis-featured stain
And then the sun burst out again, and purples prinked the main.

IV.

"Still in all its chasmal beauty bulks old Beeny to the sky,
And shall she and I not go there once again now March is nigh,
And the sweet things said in that March say anew there by and by?

V.

"What if still in chasmal beauty looms that wild, weird western shore,
The woman now is—elsewhere—whom the ambling pony bore,
And nor knows nor cares for Beeny, and will see it never more."

What a reproof is here for those who hold that the author ought to have long ago ceased writing, and for those who hold that he ought to have been contented with prose!

RECENT FICTION.

"The Affair on the Island." By H. B. Marriott Watson. Methuen. 5s. net.

"Behold the Woman!" By T. Everett Harré. Lippincott. 6s. net.

"Redwing." By Constance Smedley. Allen & Unwin. 6s.

"The Guiding Thread." By Beatrice Harraden. Methuen. 5s. net.

"Bindle." By Herbert Jenkins. H. Jenkins. 5s. net.

MANY years since Mr. Marriott Watson dedicated a tale of adventure to his small boy. This one he dedicates to the same boy grown into a soldier. He is, in fact, an old hand at romance and adventure, and puts plenty of go into a story, while he does not slop over into sentiment in the inevitable love interest. Here we are taken to an island in the Amazon, two thousand miles up the great river, which is occupied by the heads of a development company concerned in rubber. Their resources are small, as the finances of the company have gone badly at home, and their neighbours are awkward people, who deal in forced labour and torture for the negro. The white men of the region are always dangerous. Suppose a rising of these dangerous elements, two villains, one

obvious and the other smoothly polite; add a pleasure yacht, with young folk bent on doing risky things for fun, and the reader of any experience will expect plenty of excitement and some ingenious surprises. That is what Mr. Watson gives us, with well-conceived descriptions of the strange flora and fauna of his great river. It is easily the best book of the sort we have seen lately.

The period and setting Mr. Harré has chosen for his romance, "Behold the Woman!" Alexandria at the close of the fourth century, and the final conflict between religion and paganism, lend themselves to picturesque writing. Mary, who is the heroine, is a famous and powerful courtesan, who, after a career of degradation, vice, and cruelty, finds Christianity as another Magdalene. The theme is one associated with popular success, and we think it quite likely that this book may be popular. It is excessively "colorful"; it deals in high lights and strong language; it revels in metaphor and blank-verse lengths of prose. A scourge in Mary's hands "snarled and snapped and hissed. It seemed instinct with life, vindictive, virulent. The lashes coiled and curled and leaped and stung like vipers". The author's liberal descriptions somewhat enlarge the language to which we are accustomed. Men and women are "devitiated", a dying body "spasms", Mary's pet panther "drols" saliva, and adjectives generally are too numerous to be effective. The author has taken pains with his detail and overdone it.

"Redwing" was the name of the boy whom Mimsy Harwood, a girl of seventeen, had to look after when she insisted on leaving home for some sort of place. An odd place, indeed, it was, with odd sort of people. Mimsy was nearly caught by an explorer of fascinating manners, but finally she found her right mate. There is a good deal about a woman's club, and we read of many feminine arts and subtleties. Dress becomes a weapon, and the whole book typifies, perhaps, the modern revolt of woman. It is cleverly put together, and vivacious concerning various problems of conduct, but rather melodramatic towards the end.

In "The Guiding Thread" Miss Harraden is clearly putting up a brief for the modern woman who insists on freedom, and presents an attractive picture of an artist's ménage, which includes a public prosecutor turned to painting primroses, and a gentleman who plays the clarinet divinely when he is out of prison. When an historian marries a blacksmith's daughter, a wild, ignorant girl, and isolates her for seven years for the purpose of getting an expert assistant on the Renaissance, one can hardly be surprised that one day she wants to escape. She did so, though she came back finally. By the way she had many adventures. Miss Harraden has an engaging way of inventing oddities. But the long arm of coincidence may be a little rheumatic from overstrain when the story is finished. The country sentiment is overdone, but, like the story, it may please the average reader. Up to date in many ways, the author talks of "the little village of T—", which is an Early Victorian and unsatisfactory practice.

In issuing "Bindle" Mr. Jenkins is his own publisher. Bindle is revealed in a series of episodes as a furniture-remover of a gay temperament, set against folks whose religion is a gloomy pleasure. Mr. Jenkins has evidently a good grasp of the humour and manners of the London worker in a small way, and we are expecting a series of real views of the lower strata of London life when he turns Bindle into the centre of farce. Temperance feasters made drunk, Bindle posing as a foreign uncle to an objectionable Oxford man, Bindle putting the wrong numbers on hotel bedrooms—these things are vieux jeu. Yet he is amusing in his way, and his author has credited him with some happy turns of speech which we accept as veracious. But Bindle was certainly not an Aristophanes, as one of his colleagues in fun remarks. To reach that level is a difficult business. Aristophanes had his common jokes—about fleas, for instance—but he had also all the grace of the Muses when he chose.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The New Protectionism." By J. A. Hobson. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.

The new Protectionism is the system sketched out by the Allies at the Paris Economic Conference for their defence against the commercial aggression of the Central Powers contemplated by them after the war. Mr. Hobson criticises them by the old familiar arguments of the implacable Free Trader, and he will not admit that there is any new element in the case to make the new Protectionism more desirable or more efficacious to secure our trade and industries than the ante-war Protectionism. Free trade, and still more free trade, is the only remedy, plus brains, science and organisation; and by these alone have we been beaten by the Germans. We should be the last to deny that many of our troubles have been due to deficiency in these respects. But the surprising thing is, that it is we, the free-trading nation *par excellence*, that have been deficient, and not the Protectionist nations—e.g., Germany, America, France. One of Mr. Hobson's stock arguments is that if we protect our agriculture, manufactures or trade by tariffs we shall encourage them in ignorance, lethargy and aversion to new methods; and yet it is precisely the Protectionist nations who furnish the most striking examples of the opposite qualities, and Mr. Hobson's argument is a boomerang which turns and hits him badly. It is a good example of the hypnotic influence of the constant repetition of a formula or shibboleth on a disputant.

"Our Wattles." By Tullie C. Wollaston. With Preface by Will J. Sowden. Simpkin Marshall. 8s. net.

This booklet, though the publishers on its title page are the Lothian Book Publishing Company of Melbourne and Sydney, is also described as "printed in England," and it is right that home enterprise should be concerned in the national flower of Australia, which is so splendidly loyal to that home far over the seas. The average Englishman does not know what the wattle bloom is like. The word is not descriptive, and the nearest dictionary to hand tells us nothing of its national associations. All the wattles are acacias, and the admirable illustrations and text provided here show what they are like. The clouds of yellow spray are wonderfully prodigal in blossom, extraordinarily easy to grow, and content with any soil. Mr. Wollaston is expert in botanical terms as well as vernacular, and has a laudable objection to pedantry. He does not deal with all the sorts of this huge family of shrubs and trees, but he includes a representative show, and tells us about the twelve best wattles with reasons annexed. It is evident that he has studied the subject with the happy zeal of the enthusiast. He gives instructions for growing and planting, which might well be tried in the warmest parts of England, where the climate admits of other plants strange to the cold north. Perhaps he smokes a myall-wood pipe, for that is one of the wattles. These pipes have a taking taste of their own, if their period of service is transitory, and we rather wonder why they have so largely disappeared from London shops.

INSURANCE.

TONTINE ASSURANCES AND TONTINE BONUSES.

IN one way or another the pockets of most persons have been adversely affected by the war, and this unpleasant condition has been reflected by an enhanced demand for the cheaper forms of life assurance protection, while endowment assurances with profits, and other policies *de luxe*, have been conspicuously out of favour. The public, as a matter of fact, has shown of late a marked predilection for non-participating contracts and the scarcely more expensive policies issued by the Scottish Provident Institution and a few other offices under special schemes providing for the distribution of profits on the tontine principle. Under this plan, which was introduced in 1837, and has always been extremely popular, the surplus is exclusively reserved for those policy-holders who survive the period at which their premiums, if accumulated with compound interest at 4 per cent., would amount to the sum assured, no share being given to those by whose earlier death there would be a loss in any individual case to the common fund. As to the fairness of the system there can be no dispute; one and all are given an equal chance, though necessarily those who live throughout the accumulation period benefit considerably at the expense of those

who unfortunately die before becoming entitled to participate in the surplus.

To a certain extent, therefore, the Scottish Provident scheme is in the nature of a gamble; but in practice it has been found to work uncommonly well, and in recent years no discontent has been expressed, whatever may have been the case a generation or longer ago. Experience, in a word, has proved that the Institution's scheme is not only thoroughly sound, but can also, by careful administration, be made to produce most excellent results for policy-holders. Latterly between 75 and 80 per cent. of the whole-life assurances in the participating class of this office have received bonus additions, and these additions have represented an average increase of nearly 50 per cent. in the sums assured.

The success of this Edinburgh scheme is therefore indisputable; but success has one disadvantage—it generally leads to imitation. Since the Scottish Provident Institution opened its establishment, nearly eighty years ago many important offices have offered policies of a like nature to its own. These emulators do not, however, appear to have made any serious inroad on its territory, nor is it probable that they ever will, although conditions to-day favour the issue of cheap participating policies. So far as contracts involving tontine bonuses are concerned, the Institution has, we think, very little to fear from competition. In its special field of enterprise it can scarcely be said to have ever had a rival, and any attempt to appropriate a portion of its widespread connections would have very little chance of succeeding.

No business is, however, perfectly secure against competition, especially when that competition arises in a new and attractive form. Within recent years many offices have issued policies granting guaranteed benefits, and their offers have met with a hearty response. It has been left, however, to the actuary of the Clerical, Medical, and General Life Assurance Society to devise a new scheme of policies with guaranteed tontine benefits, and it will be most interesting to see to what extent patronage will be obtained. These new whole-life contracts do not carry profits, but in lieu thereof the policy-holder is given a definite promise—namely, that "on attainment of a certain age which, broadly speaking, represents the point at which the annual premiums accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest equal the sum assured, the amount payable at death will be at once increased by £20 for every £100 originally assured, and thereafter on each subsequent birthday of the assured there will be a further annual addition of £1 10s. per £100." In other words, a policy of £1,000 is, when the vesting age is attained, automatically increased by one-fifth, and thenceforward by $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. each year. The bonus is therefore fixed, instead of being dependent upon future profits, and this in our present circumstances may be regarded as an advantage; but, on the other hand, the yearly premium asked by the Clerical, Medical, and General Office is at all ages appreciably higher than the rate quoted by the Scottish Provident, and in the past the bonuses paid by the latter have generally proved more liberal than those which the rival office now guarantees.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY. 1849.

The Largest Mutual Life Office in the Empire.

Funds, £34,000,000. Annual Income, £4,000,000.

MODERATE PREMIUMS.
LIBERAL CONDITIONS.
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

Every Year a Bonus Year.

Whole-Life Policies 20 years in force show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.
Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

37 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PHOENIX ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
 PHOENIX HOUSE, KING WILLIAMS' LONDON, E.C.

Total Funds Exceed **£16,000,000**
 Claims Paid Exceed **£94,000,000**

Chairman: Rt. Hon. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, P.C., G.C.S.I.

FIRE · LIFE · ACCIDENT · MARINE

ANNUITIES GRANTED ON FAVOURABLE TERMS.

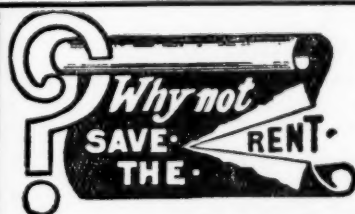
General Manager - - - Sir GERALD H. RYAN.

Life Assurance at Minimum Rates
 A PLAN of ASSURANCE
 SPECIALLY ADAPTED
 FOR PRESENT TIMES

For particulars address the

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED,
 ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, E.C.
 Founded 1848. Funds £10,500,000

The GRESHAM FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED,
 Transacts all classes of Fire and Accident Business.
 Chief Office: ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.



The Importance of
 OWNING instead of
 Paying Rent to a
 Landlord is an...
 Economic System that
 ADMITS OF NO
 ARGUMENT.

THE NEW HOUSE PURCHASE SCHEME
 OF THE
CITY LIFE Assurance Co., Ltd.

Is attracting considerable notice by reason of its utility and easy conditions. WRITE TO-DAY FOR PROSPECTUS.
 Head Office—6 PAUL STREET. M. GREGORY—General Manager.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED),
 HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - **£94,000,000**
 CLAIMS PAID - - - **£126,000,000**

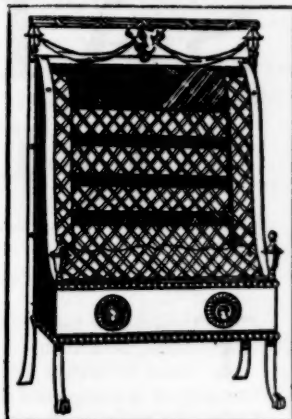


Tins of 20 for 1/4
 Boxes of 50 for 2/6

R.S.J. HILL LTD.
 LONDON

AN ELECTRIC FIRE

An Example of Value in the Electrical Department of Waring & Gillow's



The "Best" Electric Fire, height 21½ in., width 13½ in., with 2 switches. Lacquer Gilt, 4 bars, 138/-; 6 bars, 146/- Oxyd. Silver, 4 bars, 154/-; 6 bars, 163/-

WARING & GILLOW LTD
Furnishers & Decorators to H. M. the King.

164-180, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
 BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.



Bell's THREE NUNS Tobacco

A peculiar method of twisting together the various tobaccos that go to make the mixture is the secret of the bland fascinating flavour.

By no other means is it possible to obtain a blend at once so distinctive and so even-smoking.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow. King's Head is Stronger. Both sold at 8d. per oz.

THREE NUNS CIGARETTES
 4d. (Medium) 10 FOR

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

THE desire for a relief once in the week from the crushing materialism of the time, and from intellectual and spiritual starvation, has probably never been so keenly felt before, alike by soldiers on active service and by civilian workers at home; and there was never a greater need than that which exists to-day to revise and correct views and impressions got by hasty and desultory reading during the week,

It is the particular field and the duty of a weekly Review to aid the public in these directions. This is the constant aim of the SATURDAY REVIEW; and that it meets with wide approval is shown by the spontaneous remarks made from time to time in its Correspondence Columns.

"The vigour and ability which make your paper a perpetual inspiration to every loyal Englishman who reads it."—10 June 1916.

"Sir William Robertson Nicoll often reminds his readers of a Golden Age that it [the SATURDAY REVIEW] had, but in my time it has never been so good as it is now."—10 June 1916.

"Your paper is always a joy to me, and its fair statement of the events a perpetual consolation in these days of exaggeration and pessimism."—11 March 1916.

"There is no paper which has stood throughout the war more consistently than the SATURDAY REVIEW for clear thinking, genuine patriotism and sound morality."—8 April 1916.

"Without flattery, the SATURDAY REVIEW has a wide outlook and is ready to think over new ideas on their merits."—4 March 1916.

"As an old reader of many years' standing of the SATURDAY REVIEW may I be allowed to say that I have seldom read a more admirable number. . ."—19 February 1916.

"It would be hard indeed to find more lucid and instructive articles on the war than those of 'Vieille Moustache.'"—15 January 1916.

"May I take leave to say how much we here in the club of this station [Taunggyi] look forward week by week to Vieille Moustache's 'Appreciation.' It seems to me almost the one sane and reasonable criticism of the war. . ."—15 July 1916.

"I read the 'Morning Post' every day and the SATURDAY REVIEW every week—which except a man do faithfully, he cannot call himself educated. . ."—11 December 1915.

"The one decent bit of literature in the Mess."—13 November 1915.

SIXPENCE WEEKLY

Yearly Subscription: United Kingdom, £1 8s. 2d.

Abroad, £1 10s. 4d. An Edition is published each week in time for the Foreign and Colonial Mails.

10 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.

WHY YOU SHOULD READ *The Pall Mall Gazette*

BECAUSE the secret of its Great and Rapidly Extending Influence is that its predominant feature is NEWS.

It covers in a bright, crisp and easily found manner every important happening.

Readers of the "Pall Mall Gazette" can rest assured that they are missing nothing that matters, whether it be foreign, home, colonial, financial, sporting or legal news.

The lawyer will find the Cause List in the Final Edition every evening.

Other features are the Woman's Page, and the notes on Literature, Music, Art and the Drama.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION to the "Pall Mall Gazette" are as follows:—

	Per Quarter	Per Annum
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Special Edition ...	0 9 9	1 19 0
Final Night War (late fee) ...	0 13 0	2 12 0

ABROAD		
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Special Edition ...	0 13 0	2 12 0
Final Night War (late fee) ...	0 16 3	3 5 0

The Special Edition will be sent for any less period pro rata—that is, for 9d. per week prepaid; the Final Night War for 1/- per week.

THE
Pall Mall Gazette

Publishing Office: 25 TUDOR ST., LONDON, E.C.

GRESHAM LECTURES, 1916.

FOUR LECTURES will be delivered on THE INFLUENCE OF SOLAR RAYS, X-RAYS, and RADIUM RAYS on HEALTH, on Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Fri., October 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th, by HARRY CAMPBELL, M.D., Deputy Gresham Professor of Physic.

The Lectures will be delivered at GRESHAM COLLEGE, Basinghall St., E.C. ADMISSION FREE. Commence each evening six o'clock.

EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

Founded 1867. Incorporated 1911.

Excellent modern buildings with Carpentry and Engineering Workshop. Army Class. O.T.C. Fees moderate and inclusive. Scholarships in March.—Apply to the Headmaster.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

Visitors enjoy every Hotel Comfort, with the Baths and Amusements of a Hydro at moderate cost.

ELY CATHEDRAL

Visitors will find First Class Hotel Accommodation at the "LAMB" Family Hotel, which is situated close to the Cathedral. MODERATE TERMS. Omnibus meets all trains.

Proprietor, S. AIREY.

GLAISHER'S COMPLETE CATALOGUE of BOOK BARGAINS NOW READY. Post free on application to WILLIAM GLAISHER (Limited), Booksellers, 265 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

All Books are in New Condition as when originally published. No second-hand books kept.

BOOKS and AUTOGRAPHS bought and sold. Best cash prices. Catalogues sent post free.—R. ATKINSON, 7 Sunderland Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

Macmillan's New Books

SIR T. H. HOLDICH'S NEW WORK.

Political Frontiers & Boundary Making.

By Col. Sir THOMAS H. HOLDICH, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., D.Sc., Author of "The Gates of India." 8vo. 10s. net.

THE TIMES.—"Sir Thomas Holdich discusses and analyses with great skill and insight the various kinds of artificial frontiers which the world has seen, from the Great Wall of China to the line of entrenchments which marks the limits of German invasion in the West to-day."

GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES.—NEW VOL.

Selected Poems of Thomas Hardy.

Pot. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

W. B. YEATS'S NEW WORKS.

Responsibilities and other Poems.

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

Reveries over Childhood and Youth.

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

* * The other works of Mr. Yeats are now published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S NEW LONG NOVEL.

Love and Lucy.

THE NEW WITNESS.—"Beautifully written and full of humour, 'Love and Lucy' is a delicious story."

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S NEW LONG NOVEL.

The Wave: an Egyptian Aftermath.

5s. net.

THE TIMES.—"The characters are well enough imagined, and the implied analysis of love and womanhood is sufficiently just to have made a good tale by themselves. With the characteristic Blackwood mystery to help, the book is rich in excitement and experience."

The Russian Story Book.

Containing Tales from the Song-Cycles of Kiev and Novgorod and Other Early Sources. Retold by Richard Wilson, D.Litt. With Sixteen Colored Plates and also Line Illustrations from Drawings by Frank C. Papé. Fcap. 4to. 7s. 6d. net.

The Three Pearls.

By the Hon. J. W. FORTESCUE, Author of "The Story of a Red Deer," "The Drummer's Coat," &c. With Illustrations by Alice B. Woodward. Fcap. 4to. 6s. net.

THE TIMES.—"A delightful story of Royal personages 'somewhere' in the country of Makebelieve by the author of that 'Story of a Red Deer' which every schoolboy ought to know."

MRS. MOLESWORTH.

Edmée: A Tale of the French Revolution.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH. Illustrated by Gertrude Demain Hammond. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE GLOBE.—"A charming book for children."

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD., LONDON.

ARTHUR LOVELL'S WORKS

ARS VIVENDI (The Book of Vigorous Life) 6th Edition, 2/- net.
DEEP BREATHING 3rd Edition, 1/6 ..
CONCENTRATION 4th Edition, 2/- ..
MEDITATION (The Book of Clear Thinking) 5/- ..
SIMPSON, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD., London, E.C.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW

Edited by HAROLD COX.

No. 458. OCTOBER, 1916. 8vo. price 6s.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLAND. THE DEAN OF DURHAM.
SIEGE BY WATER. L. COPE CORNFORD.
TWO FRENCH CRITICS. EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.
A BELGIAN IDEALIST. FRANCIS LICKLEY.
GERMANY'S FOOD LEGISLATION. J. ELLIS BARKER.
THE LORRAINE FRONTIER. FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
POPULATION AND THE LAND. ARTHUR W. ASHEY.
THE CROSS CURRENTS IN ENGLISH EDUCATION. M. E. SADLER, C.B.
THE WELFARE OF FACTORY WORKERS. DR. A. SHADWELL.
ITALIAN ACHIEVEMENTS AND ASPIRATIONS. THE EDITOR.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

CONSTABLE

NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM. The Culmination of Modern History. By RAMSAY MUIR, Professor of Modern History in the University of Manchester. 4s. 6d. net.

THROUGH FRENCH EYES. Britain's Effort. Described by HENRY D. DAVRAY. 6s. net.
"A very inspiring account of the part which England has played in the War."—*Daily Telegraph*.
"We can heartily commend this story from a friendly source of how our armies have been made and how they fight."—*Westminster Gazette*.

VICTORY IN DEFEAT. By STANLEY WASH-BURN (Special *Times* Correspondent at the Russian Front). 4s. 6d. net.
"Deserves the most enthusiastic welcome. Nothing more inspiring to the Allies could have been written. A fine and well-considered tribute."—*Punch*.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS AND THE WAR. By W. M. FULLERTON. 2s. 6d. net.
"A vigorous and well-written book."—*Morning Post*.
"Lucid and fearless."—*The Field*.
"A trenchant criticism of the policy of President Wilson."—*The Times*.

GERMANY VERSUS CIVILISATION. By W. R. THAYER. 4s. 6d. net.
"A strong indictment of Kultur by a powerful American writer."—*Graphic*.

THE ULTIMATE BELIEF. By A. CLUTTON-BROCK. 2s. 6d. net.
"May be commended without reserve."—*Westminster Gazette*.

LONDON

Messrs. HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM announce—
TONKS : A New Zealand Yarn
By HUBERT CHURCH. 5s. net.

A humorous story of the adventures of an English Peer in New Zealand.

OLD ROWLEY : A fine Historical Romance.
By M. McDONNELL BODKIN 5s. net.
Author of "Recollections of an Irish Judge," etc.

CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD'S SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.
FOR SATAN FINDS . . .
By the Author of "Gloria : A Girl of the Veld." 5s. net.

AN IMPORTANT NEW WORK.

The Daughters of Germany.

Authorised Translation from the French. 5s. net.

This book is enjoying a very large sale both in France and here. The *Bystander* says:—"You may have heard of 'the honest German frau' and of 'the simplicity of German family life.' The *Daughters of Germany* may help to alter your opinion."

Author's and Translator's profits given to the French and British Red Cross Societies.

SONGS OF BOTREL.

FRANCE'S SOLDIER POET. Translated by Winifred Byers. Edition de Luxe bound in white vellum, bevelled boards and richly gilt. Strictly limited to 50 copies. Each copy signed in France by the Author.

Price 10s. 6d. net. Popular Edition 2s. 6d. net.

Copies of this work, which the *Daily Chronicle* describes as "lyrical verse of great beauty," were graciously accepted by His Majesty the King and Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

NOVELS TO ORDER:

LUCY FARREN By Henry Everard
STELLA BELLANO By Captain T. B. Franklin
A WIDOW FROM BELGRAVE SQUARE

ONE OF A CROWD By "A Member of Society"
By Douglas Price, M.A.

HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM LTD., Adelphi, London, W.C.

A SELECTION FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY'S New and Forthcoming Publications

RINGS

By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc.

Profusely illustrated in colour and double tone. 25s. net.

A wonderful book on finger rings in all ages and in all climes by the world's most famous gem expert. Everything about rings in one volume.

SHAKESPEARE AND PRECIOUS STONES

By GEORGE FREDERICK KUNZ, A.M., Ph.D., D.Sc.

Four illustrations. Square 8vo. 6s. net.

Treating of all the known references to precious stones in Shakespeare's works with comments as to the origin of his material, the knowledge of the poet concerning precious stones, and references as to where the precious stones of his time came from. Instructive, because of its treatment of the precious stones subject as well as because of their relation to Shakespeare.

CLOTHING FOR WOMEN :

ITS SELECTION, DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION.

By LAURA I. BALDT.

Being the First Volume in Lippincott's Home Manuals.

Edited by Benjamin R. Andrews, Ph.D.

Seven coloured plates. 262 illustrations in the text. 8s. 6d. net.

This work deals exhaustively with the selection, design, and construction of women's clothing. The difficult problems of harmony of colour and design have been fully treated. It is a book for the College short course, the high school and the home library. The numerous illustrations are particularly good and of great practical value.

PRACTICAL BOOK OF EARLY AMERICAN ARTS AND CRAFTS :

By HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN and ABBOT MCCLURE.

Authors of "The Practical Book of Period Furniture."

Profusely illustrated. Coloured frontispiece. 25s. net.

A thoroughly practical book for collectors, artists, craftsmen, archaeologists, libraries, museums, and the general reader. The volume is the result of great research and a wide knowledge of the subject.

PRACTICAL BOOK OF ARCHITECTURE

By C. MATLACK PRICE.

Profusely illustrated. 25s. net.

Not only a book for the man or woman who wishes to build a home (and for whom it is more helpful than any work previously published), but a book which tells the general reader what he needs to know about architecture—about the buildings he sees in Europe or America, public as well as private.

PARKS

THEIR DESIGN, EQUIPMENT AND USE.

By GEORGE BURNAP,

Official Landscape Architect, Public Buildings and Grounds, Washington, D.C.

Profusely illustrated. Frontispiece in colour. 25s. net.

The only exhaustive book on the subject and by the foremost authority on the subject. Contains many new hints from the finest European examples of park work as well as American.

BETTY AT FORT BLIZZARD

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL,

Author of "The Diary of a Beauty," etc.

Four illustrations in colour and decorations by Edmund Frederick. 6s. net.

A sequel to "Betty's Virginia Christmas," and presented in as beautiful a gift book style. The scene is laid at a north-western army post; modern in colour and suggestion. The plot is a straightaway army love story, realistic and yet as light as Betty's laugh.

WITH SAM HOUSTON IN TEXAS

By EDWIN L. SABIN,

Author of "Gold Seekers of '49," "Buffalo Bill," etc.

Seven full-page Portraits and Maps, also coloured Frontispiece. Cloth. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

BLACKBEARD'S ISLAND

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE BOY SCOUTS IN THE SEA ISLANDS.

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND,

Author of "The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island," "The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge," etc.

With 4 full-page Plates and coloured Frontispiece. Cloth. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

Illustrated by F. Oppen. 100 illustrations, 8 in colour. 6s. net.

F. Oppen, the creator of Happy Hooligan, Gaston, &c., has chosen the famous fables to make a companion volume to his well-known "Mother Goose."

MOTHER GOOSE

250 illustrations by F. Oppen. New Edition, 8 pictures in colour. 6s. net.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., 16 John Street, Adelphi, LONDON